

Penny Williams Penpoy

THE
WORKS
OF THE
MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT.

A NEW EDITION, FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR W. OWEN, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR,
FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXIX.

1607/2642.





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A. Hopkins 1771



SOME

THOUGHTS ON TASTE.

ALL the world talks of taste; we
A are all sensible that a delicacy of
taste is the first of all accomplishments;
we well know therefore the advantages of
it, and the necessity of having it; yet we
scarce at all know what it is. A lady of
very great learning has said, that taste is
the result of a harmony and mutual agree-
ment between the wit and judgment; and
that the more or less perfect this mutual
agreement is, the more or less taste we have.
Another has supposed that taste is formed
by a union of the intuitive faculty and the
fancy; that, from the correspondence be-
tween these, results what we call judg-
ment; and what makes it probable, in-
deed, that taste more immediately de-
pends on the intuitive, than the rational
faculty, is, that we can give no account

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of



2 SOME THOUGHTS ON TASTE.

of our tastes, but are ever ignorant why we are thus, or thus, affected; but we can always give a reason for our knowledge and our opinions.

Taste is, as it were, our first motion in the mind: It is a sort of instinct in us, and leads and directs us with more certainty than all our boasted reason can. There is no necessary relation, no union between our several tastes, though there is a necessary one between truths. I often flatter myself that I may be able to bring over a judicious person to my opinion, but I am never secure of winning over any one in whom sensibility has great power; there are no allurements, no attractions, that take any great hold upon him.

There is no fixed principle in our tastes, nor any mutual alliance between them, but they wholly depend on the peculiar dispositions of our organs, and on the effects objects naturally have on them.

Monsieur Pascall is perfectly of this opinion: 'There is, says that author, a
' certain model of mutual agreement and
' beauty,



‘ beauty, a perfect harmony in things ac-
‘ cording to the relations they stand in
‘ to our senses, toward the perfectly pleas-
‘ ing us.’ Every thing formed on this
model is sure to please us, and gives us
that sort of sensation, the perfection of
which is what we call taste. But what this
model is, or by what characters it is to be
distinguished, is not yet determined.

There is certainly, however, such a
thing as a justness of taste, as well as a
justness of sense. The justness of taste
judges of all the subjects we know under
the names of beauty, sensibility, delicacy,
and the nicer parts of wit and imagina-
tion: It is indeed, if we may be allowed
the expression, a sort of *je ne scay quoy* of
knowledge and delicacy; which deter-
mines exactly for us all that is fit to be
said or done on every occasion, and gives
us the necessary bounds to every thought:
But, as it is impossible to lay down any
certain rules on this head, so ’tis also im-
possible to convince other people of their
errors in regard to it. When their sensi-

bility ceases to inform them, 'tis in vain for us to attempt to instruct them in it. Finally, taste has for its objects things so delicate, so nice and imperceptible, that they baffle all rules: Nature gives us what we have of it, we never can acquire it, and the more refined part of the world alone are acquainted with it in any degree of perfection.

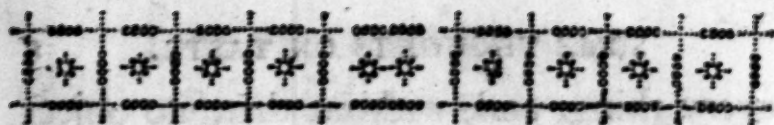
The justice of our sensations has for its object truth alone; and its existence consists in the establishing sound principles; the drawing just consequences from them, and the perceiving the mutual alliances things have to one another, whether it is our business to sum them up together or to separate them; this can only have for its foundation sound sense and right reason.

As there is in every object only one standard of truth, when you have arrived at that, you have an unerring and an easy guide to all that follows; there is properly also but one proper point of taste in every

every thing, and, without that, no object can give a delicate pleasure.

The agreeable is the proper object of taste. Hence also it is not to be reduced to rules; since, though beauty has rules, agreeableness has none. The fine without the agreeable can never give us a delicate pleasure; the agreeable is the native subject of taste, and 'tis thence that it pleases us infinitely beyond the fine; and it is as arbitrary and variable, even as the taste itself. Taste is a secret something which we feel, but which we can by no means describe: It attracts us more strongly, and unites us more firmly, than all the passions: Its empire over things is very extensive, since it knows indeed no bounds.

Hitherto taste has been defin'd a sort of polite and elegant usage, establish'd among the more refin'd part of the world: It certainly depends wholly on two things; an extremely delicate sensibility in the heart, and a great justness in the reason.



REFLECTIONS ON RICHES.

- ‘ Riches in the hands of the wise are the
‘ occasion of happiness, both to himself
‘ and others; and in the end crown him
‘ with glory and honour.
‘ Riches in the hands of the fool occasion
‘ his shame and misfortune, by the im-
‘ proper use he makes of them.’

SOLOMON.

INCE the time that man fell from
that estate of grandeur and of
happiness, in which he was placed at his
first stage of being; he finds that he has
lost all the authority he had, both over
himself, and over every thing about him;
deprived of all his natural advantages,
every creature uses its endeavours to
tempt, deceive, and seduce him; and
they are much more dangerous to him
by this, than by all the ills they could
otherwise have occasioned him. While
man possess'd an empire over himself, and
knew

knew how to govern his passions and his sensations, he enjoyed one peaceful and uninterrupted calm; his senses submitted to his reason, and acted in their proper sphere, as his servants, not his commanders: His passions presented pleasures to his view, but without that violent constraint they now lay him under to embrace them; and all the creatures offer'd him their service, and had no other intent, no other desire, than to please him.

Man in his present state, alas! is very differently situated; all his real advantages have left him, and the desire of being happy is all that is left with him; nor is that regulated by any just bounds; he knows not in what to place his happiness, even while he seeks it; but he is incessant in the search, and labours on in error and confusion. He hopes to find it in honours, pleasures, or in riches; but all his hopes in these at length deceive him. He finds no end of his researches, and, upon the whole, meets with only insufficient pleasures, and a thousand voids and vacancies

in the mind, which he knows not how to fill up; and is eternally in chace of a fugitive good, which flies faster than he pursues, and which he can never attain.

Among the many objects of the desires of man, riches have the first and greatest place. Men seem to imagine that these can replace man in his primitive dignity; or at least are an equivalent for all that he has lost; that they can give him, by their pomp, all the dignity from which he is fallen, and can substitute at least, in the place of that great happiness of the soul, such a happiness of the body, as may make an equivalent for it; and that there is nothing which his follies or crimes have robbed him of from within, but they can give something as valuable without in its stead.

It must be acknowledged indeed, that riches have usurp'd a sort of dignity, which is of right the due only of great accomplishments: They give most people who are possess'd of them a sort of arrogant grandeur; but we are also to know
that

that this is not a real pre-eminence or dignity, but merely an illusion : They occupy a place in our hearts and minds which is by no means their due ; and they in reality degrade us from our native dignity into a mere empty vanity.

We have seen many instances of illustrious villainy, but not one of illustrious avarice. A noble disinterestedness, in these respects, opens to us the way to every virtue ; and the love of wealth prepares the soul for every vice ; it occupies in our hearts the place of the Sovereign Being ; it makes us forget our most necessary duties, and forget all our obligations and dependances.

We expect to find every thing we can desire or want in riches ; they favour us in the pursuits of all our designs, satisfy us in all our necessities, calm all our terrors ; and this is certain, vice is ever secure and at ease amidst an affluence of them. Liberty and impunity being the great privileges of riches, the potent possessor of them erects a castle with them in his heart,

in which he can defend himself against all the attacks of truth, all the remonstrances of his reason and his conscience.

Great fortunes are not only the food and fuel of self-love, they are the support of all our foibles, and the bed of down on which the soul reposes itself in perfect ease and tranquility; the soul is even weak and languishing without them; but often, alas! these supports prove too strong, as they make us wholly forget our duty, our submission and dependance.

Riches are vain in their use, and unsatisfying in their possession; they are vain, because they give us false ideas of ourselves; ideas which are not founded on our real being, but merely on the imaginary state we are pleas'd to suppose ourselves in. Every thing about these favourites of fortune serves to deceive them—Those vile and servile flatterers, who are ever buzzing about them, and who dishonour praise by the use they make of it. The poets and orators, those ministers of fame, are lavish in bestowing it; expecting

ing the greater reward for the more they employ of it: Nay Fame itself is their attendant often; for it much more frequently is the consequence of great, than of good actions: Thus every thing contributes to keep up that false idea the rich man has formed of his own state, and of his own being; he believes Nature labours for his delight alone, while millions of hapless wretches open the bowels of the earth in search of gold and gems, which are the richest and most magnificent of Nature's products, and which are made only for the great and rich. If you visit the rich man, you find every thing about him in the taste of that grandeur he supposes of right belongs to him; a pompous house, a delicate and costly table, a magnificent equipage, and every thing that is near him favours of the same expensive grandeur: These things may indeed give a man a great opinion of himself, but this falls greatly off, when he comes to turn to other people; as he never has esteem'd it at all necessary to his grandeur and glory

to do good, or to give happiness to others. How false are such ideas of greatness! True greatness is not found in pomp and pride, nor is our own imagination its basis: 'Tis the good we do to others, and the rank we hold in their esteem, that constitute true greatness: And, in order to have a high and honourable place there, we must shew ourselves masters of some real great qualities, something that is our own, and is in ourselves, not in things so precarious and accidental as our fortunes; we must, in short, have good qualities, and we must know how to use them.

Nothing is in itself so great, or will give us so high a place in the esteem of others, as our endeavouring to contribute to the general happiness of our fellow creatures, and make ourselves a public good; to dispose generously of our abundance to the unhappy; which is in a manner giving to a number of persons a new being, which they hold dependant upon us. Instead of this, the rich man seldom turns his eyes upon the poor, and when
he

he does, 'tis not to relieve them, but to triumph over their misfortunes, and give himself an imaginary greatness by the comparison; the heart of the rich in general has no sensation of the noble pleasure of making others happy.

The love of riches is founded on the natural poverty of the soul; if that were possess'd of the real advantages that virtue brings with it, it would never idly run after these imaginary ones; but they, when they are in possession, will never suffer truth to draw the curtain, which, could it gain admission to our hearts, would tell us, that we are mistaken in our ideas of things; that our happiness is not in those things in which we idly place it; that riches, in satisfying our desires, at the same time subject us to innumerable others, and increase our wants; and that we ever add strength and scope to our passions, by bringing them into use.

The two great passions which govern the human race, the two favourite sentiments of all our hearts, are love and ambition.

bition. Riches assuredly favour these, yet they at the same time degrade and infinitely lower the value of both. What part shall we take in the prosecution of these, and how shall we judge of their use? Nature has allotted both of them for us, the one for our happiness, the other for our dignity. The sensations of the heart are the only source of human felicity: The love of true glory creates a dignity in us; but vanity, the pride of narrow souls, is the object only of the meaner part of the human species; and to these true glory is a thing wholly unknown.

Those men who place all their happiness in love, and whose souls leave no room for ambition; these know nothing of the pride of real merit, and are as happy in a post of honour which they have purchased by their money, as if they had arrived at it by their own deserts. Men in general, indeed, have no other notion of these things than the desire of seeing themselves in exalted stations; they pay no regard to real and intrinsic greatness; and

'tis

'tis not honour that is now sought among men, but merely those distinctions which custom has establish'd. Exalted posts are so many intrenchments, in which our passions fortify and defend themselves; and we go through our whole lives in them in that error of vanity, which self-love first led us into.

We seek after nothing but the outside of glory, the noise and pomp of it; an empty clamour which serves no other purpose but to rob us of ourselves; for all these favourites of fortune are but so many fugitives and deserters from themselves; the man is lost in the character and title, and himself is no longer in sight. A life of show is void of all real good; but a life, untainted by these idle greatnesses, shews the emptiness of them; it takes off the mask the public opinion had thrown over them, and shews that they are founded merely on empty vanity. Nothing is so easy as to impose upon ourselves by means of riches, they put a false gloss, an outside ornament, on every thing; and, unless

less Reason and Wisdom regulate the use of them, they are empty promisers of pleasures externally, and dreadful enemies within.

All our passions are insatiable; but the most difficult to be contented of all others is, our thirst after riches: This is ever uneasy, ever in anxiety, and ever neglects the happy present, for the uncertain future. This idle running over every thing, is no true happiness; we must stay our course, and dwell upon our pleasures, if we would truly enjoy them. Repose and rest are essentially necessary to happiness; and there is no relish of the present blessings to a mind eternally hurried by an insatiable desire of more: The thirst after more riches takes off all the pleasure we might have in enjoying what we already possess, and is a proper curse entailed on that detestable passion.

The happiness of these eternally restless and hurried souls is but the pleasure of a moment, and is all merely external; but often, in giving too great a value to these
transient

transient joys, we buy them much too dear. The people in this eternal state of hurry and expectation, pass their whole lives in wishes and expectations, and properly speaking they do not live, but only hope to live; and the knowledge of the vanity of the present pleasures, and the fond expectations of the reality of the absent, give these people an eternal round of lightness and inconstancy, in the place of peace and happiness: From this source springs also that prevailing passion the love of novelty; novelty pleases us, because it promises, and gives a wide scope to our hopes and expectations.

If men thus misapply their innate ideas of ambition, which were given them for their dignity, they make no better use neither of love, which was given them for their happiness. That amiable sex, destined by nature to sweeten the bitterness of life, and refine upon all the other pleasures, is now no longer made the price of the heart, and mutual love, but is the common purchase of money. But this is
a fault

a fault however which lies much at our own door; we degrade ourselves from our natural dignity, and act extreamly counter to our own interests; we place our esteem and our desires on wrong objects, we endeavour to give them the graces of the person only; but if we would learn to look up to Merit and to Virtue, as they only deserve our esteem, and regard them, they would attempt the conquest of our heart by worthy actions. We have little reason to complain of them indeed, since we ourselves make them what they are. We cannot escape, or disregard them, for we are united to them by unseen, but necessary alliances: Our misfortune is, that we know no alliances but these, and disregard the union of the soul, and the sentiments of the heart.

Every creature deceives and abuses us in saying—I am the proper object of your felicity. We find in the scriptures the man deceived by the object which had misled and seduced him, saying; ‘I have
‘ replied to laughter and to joy, why
‘ have

‘ have you deceived me ?’ To what are we to suppose this reproach addressed, and what are we to learn from the whole, but that honours, dignities, and riches, are no more than empty shews, void of all reality.

What a mistake, alas, have we made in our accounts of these things ! These illusions of our imagination, these seducing, these deceiving pleasures, these charms to the heart, which promised so much felicity ; what, alas ! are at length become of them ! nay, it were well if they could restore me to myself just as they found me, but that, alas ! is a vain hope. What disorders have they created in the soul, what wounds have they left in the heart, and how, alas ! have they deceived us !

This is the end of the life of the man whom riches and pleasures have seduced ; and what at length has he found in his pursuits ? A mere phantom of vanity, which has no room to fill the soul, and pleasures insufficient to give a real happiness.

PSYCHE,



P S Y C H E,

THE GREEK NAME OF THE SOUL.

THE fable of Psyche represents the human soul that is in the body, as Psyche in the palace of Love; it is there served by a being which it knows nothing of, and which executes all its orders with a wonderful alacrity and readiness, as well as with a perfect fidelity. The soul is sent into the body to enjoy it, not to know it. Its senses are the gates and channels through which it expands itself, and by means of which it mingles among all sorts of sensible objects, which are the servants of its pleasures.

All the external things resemble the nymphs, whose office it is to serve the spouse of the God of Love, and whose sole business it was to prepare her pleasures. Enjoyments are her absolute servants; diversions,

versions, music, nay, the very seasons themselves have the superintendance of her pleasures, and all Nature has her in its care.

Every thing is made for her, since she has no other business, no other end, but the enjoying every thing; but every thing refuses its presence, or assistance, when she would know it.

The Great Being of beings, who has assumed for his attribute the unknown, would be unknown; he has no desire we should unravel his secrets. Pleasures, nay love itself, always flies our examination; and there are a thousand things which we must admire in it, without attempting to understand them.

But the soul envies itself its own private happiness, and like Psyche in the fable, it must have spectators: It calls its two sisters to it, which ever plunge it into certain misfortune and unhappiness; these are the two great enemies of our peace, our tranquility and happiness; and yet we are always drawing them upon us:

These

These are Curiosity and Vanity. Curiosity is eternally making us uneasy, and we always purchase much too dear the little knowledge it gains us ; and as to Vanity, Happiness can never dwell with it. A very ingenious author has said of it, that it compels us to set a great value on many things, in direct contradiction to our taste, our sense and reason ; and, as Montaigne has very justly observed, we are vain at the expence of our peace.

CHARAC.



CHARACTERS OF DIFFERENT PERSONS.



CHARACTER I.

OF MONSIEUR DE * * * * *

NOTWITHSTANDING that my intent
N is to paint the inward man, not the
external figure, I cannot but remark, in
regard to this gentleman, that he is an
extreamly well-made man, of a polite ad-
dress, an easy carriage, and very pleasing
countenance. He has a world of deli-
cacy in his nature, mixed with a world
of good sense, sound judgment, and a
nice taste; and in his whole deportment,
as well as in his writings, he has an easy
gallantry, which gives us lively proofs,
that

that all the Graces and the Loves have employed their peculiar care in the forming him what he is ; for these are the only masters under whom he could have learned to please, to charm, and to command the heart as he does.

The use he has made of his heart, has served to no other end than the rendering it more perfect than before ; and love, which is too often the bane of many good qualities in the generality of men, has only served to establish with him, the distinction between pleasures and vices ; and the gallantry it has inspired likewise, has extremely improved his natural softness of temper, and refined his delicacy.

This accomplished man has not only this amiable delicacy in his deportment, but it even extends to his imagination, and all his sensations of things : With what a just taste does he examine subjects of the nicest kind, and what an agreeable charm do even the most barren subjects acquire while he speaks of them ! Poetry is among the number of his amusements, and his
verse

verse is at once soft, gallant, and wise. He has a perfect command over the powers of his own imagination, and establishes a series of fixed and immutable alliances between all the ideas of it; and his heart is full of all the graces of the tenderest sensibility.

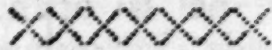
He has not been content with establishing his reputation for an undaunted bravery by his courage in the field against his country's enemies, but while he followed that rough trade, has had occasions to signalize himself as a brave man, at the expence of his duty to the laws of his country. This however is the only injury that he can ever be suspected of doing them.

When the peace was concluded, and his country's cause no more claimed his arm in the field, his private duties called for his consideration; in this state of life he has ever been eminent for all the virtues of a peaceful life, and is what others would fain appear to be. The virtues of a private station are much more difficultly arrived at than those of public life, where

glory and ambition have full room for the exerting all their power ; the utmost greatness of soul is required to be the great man in secret.

In this retired state he required a modest humility in his deportment, which the camp had made unattainable before, and which was all that was wanting to the perfecting his character ; with this however he has lost nothing of the chearful gaiety of his humour, but is become more amiable, more engaging, even than before ; and seems to have established this happy truth in his mind, that the great use of all accomplishments, is to render their possessor the love and the esteem of his acquaintance ; in all this he seems to wholly forget his own concern. Self-love has no influence in any of his actions, but he seems wholly to have forgot himself, and to live merely for the sake of others. He is perfectly and strictly delicate without being difficult of access, or suffering his judicious nicety to be a trouble to his company ; he transacts business, with the grace
of

of friendship; he is open, liberal, and free in his humour, and is under no restraints but those of honour and of justice. He has a true and perfect knowledge of life, and knows not only how to enjoy his pleasures, but how to leave them gracefully. He is now arrived at a time of life when our sentiments of things naturally become more just and delicate, as the hurry of our troublesome passions are over, when we have all our senses open to what can worthily entertain them; and are so far commanders of them, that we can, without pain, retire from what would cause a future uneasiness: In this state he is blessed with pure, with unfullied and uninterrupted pleasures. To conclude this amiable character; he is a man whom the more we know, and the better we are able to judge of, the more tenderly we love, the more highly we esteem him; he has nothing to wish for but what others fear, the observation of good judges; and has nothing to fear, but the malice of silence.



C H A R A C T E R II.

OF MADAM * * * *

WHEN * Lucretius died, the whole heathen Heaven rejoiced ; and all the fabled Gods assembled to determine what punishment was due to the daring impiety of the wretch, whose rhetorick had persuaded half the world to believe so lightly of their divinities. The whole host of heaven condemned him to the hottest flames of hell without reluctance. Venus only was silent in the general condemnation : She well remembered, that though a foe to them, he was to her a friend ;

* Titus Lucretius Carus, a Latin poet, who was of the sect of Epicurus, and in the time of Cicero boldly preached up the doctrines of that philosopher, in a poem of six books, on the nature of things ; he, the most hardily of all authors, has denied the Providence of Heaven.

friend: She remembered all his prayers and all his sighs to her, and all the tenderneſſes he had inſpired the world with in the cauſe of love. After the general ſenſe had been declared, ſhe, gracefully advancing, ſpoke. “ My brother Deities,
 “ you wrong yourſelves and your own
 “ judgment in this ſentence; let me ad-
 “ viſe, and let us not puniſh this daring
 “ mortal in the way of other criminals,
 “ and caſt him into a ſcene of common,
 “ and forgotten puniſhments. No, let us
 “ chuſe a puniſhment that may juſtify our
 “ vengeance to the ſkies, and bring him
 “ to recant all his bold and impious te-
 “ nets, and own us to the world as ſtre-
 “ nuouſly as he once denied our power.
 “ My advice is, therefore, that we ſend
 “ him back again to earth, clogged with
 “ a body that may give him other ſenti-
 “ ments than thoſe he has already gloried
 “ too long in. We well know here, that
 “ according to our own eſtabliſhed laws,
 “ the ſoul is dependant on the organs of
 “ the body it is joined to. Let us re-

“ venge our quarrel on him then, by
“ giving him a feeble and a softening
“ body, open to error and to false opi-
“ nions, and full of fear of us, it knows
“ not why ; and as he has given us our
“ origin from ignorance and fear in men,
“ let us make those very passions his tor-
“ mentors in this his new state, by cloath-
“ ing his daring soul in woman’s flesh ;
“ then we need no longer dread the fallies
“ of his bold imagination, or his too tower-
“ ing thoughts busied among our con-
“ cerns. He will then no longer be a soul
“ capable of such systems.” All the Gods
applauded Venus’s design, they left their
vengeance to her care, and bid her form
a proper prison for the offender.

Venus and Love have long had among
mankind a peculiarly favoured race, whom
they have taken under their own protec-
tion ; these are formed of a peculiar flesh
and blood, both wholly free to Love’s di-
rection, and to Venus’s orders : Beauty,
and all the Graces, ever attend the births
of these happy mortals ; and love and joy
are

are their constant attendants through the whole course of life. It was of this refined flesh and blood, these principles so dear to Love and to Venus, that the goddess formed the female body, which was to be the prison of the daring soul of dead *Lucretius*. The prison became an extremely amiable mansion, and the virgin came into the world adorned with all the graces that could endear her to the esteem of the more refined part of mankind.

But see the strange effect ! The great, the uncontrollable soul chained to the delicate body, despised the graces Venus meant as inestimable presents ; and instead of being bound by the natural alliances of so soft a union, broke all its chains, and soon shewed that it was to be influenced by no prejudices ; subject to no authority : It soon discovered to the age, that it was one of those souls created to give laws to the world, not to receive them ; and while it preserved all the charms, all the true beauties of the sex it was now tied to, it discarded all the follies,

all the weakneſſes of it. Venus, however, ſtill retains a ſhew of empire over her heart, and ſhe is tenderly fond of her friends, and is in herſelf, all ſoul, all delicacy, all ſenſibility. She has the higheſt reliſh for all pleaſures in their proper ſtate, and is only unacquainted with the abuſe of them. On the whole, Venus has by this ſtrange conjunction, made one who is a creature by herſelf, and is like nothing elſe that ever exiſted. She gave her a birth which threw her in the way at once of all the luxury and all the ſoftneſs in the world, and gave her a mother that loved her too well not to ſpoil her; and all the follies that attend an exalted birth, and elevated ſtation in the world, were ready to accompany her through the courſe of her life.

She ſoon perceived, however, that nothing was more ill joined than a great name, and little merit; and in conſequence of this, abandoned all the foibles of her ſtation, and kept nothing of it but its true ſenſe of honour. This alſo ſhe kept under ſuch regulations, that it became a ſentiment

timent regarding herself only, never troubling others; and never teaching her to remember who she was, but when others dared forget it; and it lived in her breast an honour which could never extend its privileges against the laws of modest decency which fixed its certain boundaries.

The circumstances of her affairs strangely changing for the worse, she became too well acquainted afterwards with misfortune; from that moment she forgot that her birth ought to have set her above the reach of such calamities: She submitted with an unaffected resignation, and comforted herself only with the remembrance, that these distresses were but the natural attendants on human life; that all were subject to them, though some escaped them; and that she had but her common share: With these consolations she never murmured, nor ever shewed the rage of grief, which is in cases of a like kind, the common result of our self-love. She received without emotion the misfortunes allotted to her share, and the greatness of

her soul gave her that patient ease, which others could only have acquired under such circumstances by long custom. Her native greatness softened the passage from happiness to misery, and true philosophy gave her the power of falling from opulence to slender circumstances without pain.

Her whole time, like that of Petronius, is now spent in pleasures even in this restraint; business and diversions are at once thrown off together, and her soul devoted to the muses. She reads every thing, and in the strength of her discerning faculties will see every thing in its proper colours; her soul is now subject to no abuse. She loves a free disputation on every topick, and is never so much herself, as when in debate, which she always sustains with great force of argument, and with such an energy, as soon puts the little artifices of an adversary to silence. It were much to be wished that her expressions were as equal to the thoughts they are to convey, as they are worthy the breast

breast they come from ; but ease and negligence reigns in all her actions, and have charms which she well enjoys.

Upon the whole, one finds in madam * * * * the freedom and easy charms of Lucretius, the philosophy and frugality of Epictetus, with all the graces that Venus could bestow on her greatest favourites. And one may say of her, as a Spaniard once did of his mistress: “ She
“ pleases in every part, since her face,
“ her heart, and her imagination have
“ each its peculiar Venus.”



C H A R A C T E R III.

OF MR. S * * * * *

IF a purity of manners and decency of deportment are the first and securest steps to eloquence, Mr. S * * * * * has a great advantage toward the utmost perfection of that art : Three things we know are perfectly necessary to an attainment of this qualification, that we are
able

able to convince, to affect, and to please the hearers: Who can better learn to please than he who knows the way to our esteem; and where this is wanting, Confidence thrusts itself forward in vain, even in the cause of Truth.

This gentleman has added to the weight of our esteem for him another very prevailing art, he knows how to get into our very souls, by seizing on our senses; he has learned that man is more of a sensible than of a rational creature; and that he who can attack the senses with success, raises himself friends in our very hearts, and seldom fails to gain his point.

To convince and to affect us, it is however necessary first to please, and we are not to be pleased otherwise than by the graces. His whole turn is formed for this part of eloquence, his imagination is fine and delicate, and his ideas clear, sprightly and perfectly decent. He gives every thing he does the agreeable variety, that an eternal fund of new invention can command, and has his peculiar and appropriated

priated words to every idea; and not a syllable issues from his mouth but carry his own well-ordered thoughts, and is sure to reach our hearts and our affections.

In every thing he writes there is an elegant arrangement and disposition of his ornaments, and his flowers are not set in rude clusters, but sown through the whole walk with a prudent, not a profuse hand. We find in every thing that comes from him a sort of grace that seems peculiar to himself; and we may with great justice say of him, what has been spoken of one of the poets; that if the Graces would deign themselves to converse with men, they would certainly do it in his language. Eloquence has by some been compared to courage, but assuredly it is much greater to conquer men by reason and persuasion, than by force.

The Greeks called their orators the guides and leaders of the people; and the Romans observed, that whenever a great man mounted the tribunal, they knew he must reign; applause or flattery have no
power

power over the modesty of this orator. He has long since acquired that height of reputation, which will assuredly give a grace to every succeeding action of his life ; he has found the means of charming Envy to silence, and has compelled her, for once, to suffer Merit to take its uninterrupted course.

He has given the world a good account of his leisure in his vacant hours ; he has translated Pliny, an author as charming as himself ; he has written treatises of friendship and of honour, and by each of these has established, on the most solid foundations, principles of the utmost consequence to the good of any kingdom, and to the happiness of society : Honour and true glory are the great support of all our duties to one another, and friendship gives life all those alluring charms of softness and benevolence, which are the resource of the human species in misfortunes.

Every thing that comes from this gentleman, carries the character of his own
heart

heart and his own sentiments with it ; he has a reigning love of virtue which he is eternally contemplating and cherishing in his soul, and 'tis not easy for virtue to fill up all our ideas, without becoming the sovereign also of our senses ; when it has conquered the soul, it usually next seizes on the heart.

All his writings are perfect in their kind ; he touches upon no subject, but he adds graces to it in the mentioning it, and all the sprightly charms of eloquence appear in an easy and agreeable order, where he speaks even of the dryest and most barren subjects, as if things changed their very nature in passing through his hands. No man ever had beyond him the graces of a pleasing delivery : His eloquence is lively as well as strong, and truth flows off amended from his tongue ; but it is to be observed also, that he ever makes us feel, even more than think, and has less power over the reason, than over the heart. In fine, he at once pleases, supports, and comforts us ; Truth unfolds herself in graceful

ful

ful ease from his lips, and a good cause becomes much better as he delivers it. He never prostituted his talents to plead for injustice, and his known probity is ever a happy omen for the cause he undertakes.

His heart is ever faithful to his reason; if some pleasures have been able to amuse him, none ever conquered him; and this happy compliance, joined to the native purity of his manners, has given him a tranquility of mind, a full enjoyment and perfect state of all his faculties, and an uninterrupted ease, which has for its foundation the perfect composure of an innocent soul. To these he has every virtue of the heart; and probity to all, fidelity to his friends, with a general complacence and unaffected modesty, form his character.

To conclude, we may very properly say of him what was once said of a poet, who was the most amiable creature in the world: That the Graces, when they had been a long time in search of a temple where they should reside, found at length
the

the heart of Aristophanes, where they all entered, fixed their lasting habitation, and heaped upon their dwelling the utmost profusion of all their favours.



C H A R A C T E R IV.

OF MR. F * * * *

I CANNOT pretend to give the character of Mr. F * * * *, I know too well my own power, and the extent of my faculties. I shall only attempt to tell you how he appeared to me ; you know his figure, that is sufficiently amiable, but no body has given yet a true idea of his exalted character. His judgment is deep, yet clear, and carries him far beyond the bounds where others have been used to stop. His imagination is truly original, and has struck out a wholly new road for the exacting its powers, having thrown off the yolk of all authority and prejudice ; and he is assuredly one of those happy few,
born

born to give a new genius to the age he lives in.

To these great qualities he has found means to join all the agreeable ones. The utmost fallies of his imagination are under his certain management; he thinks with nicety, feels every affection with an uncommon delicacy, and has a just and an unerring taste, and a soul full of chearful and agreeable ideas. His wit is ever bounded by his judgment; he is at once wise, and negligently easy and correct; he sets on every thing its just value, and neither the public opinion nor error have any hold upon him: His soul is all itself untainted by ambition, and naturally full of moderation. He is a genuine favourite of Reason, and a philosopher made by Nature's hand; for assuredly he was born that which others arrive not at, but with the utmost difficulty.

His heart seems also as perfect as his faculties, it seems never agitated by violent passions, those burning fevers of the soul; his manners are unaffected, pure, and

and simple, and his days run on in an equality assured to them by Innocence. He is full of probity and justice, and is inviolably secret when intrusted. One enjoys with him the utmost pleasures of a perfect confidence, and confidence is the first step to esteem. He has all the charms of the heart without its wants and its necessities, and he seems at pleasure only to be affected by any kind of sensibility; tender and delicately sensible souls feel the wants of the heart more than those of a more common stamp do those of the body, or the common necessities of life; but for him he is ever free and easy, and if we are to make an alliance with him, it must be by the reason, since his heart and its emotions from sensibility we can lay no certain hold of.

He may easily have a light sensibility for the women, since their beauty never fails to make strong impressions on him, but he is wholly incapable of the more affecting sentiments of a rooted love: He has a lightness in his fancy which makes its way
in

in this respect into his heart, and gives him ideas of love, as a very idle, a merely trifling passion. He requires nothing more in women than a good person; if a lady can please his eye, 'tis all he wants with her as a woman, all he expects or desires to find, and every other merit is thrown away upon him.

He knows well the advantages of leisure, and fails not to employ his talents in it to their best advantage. As he has at command all sorts of humours, he has employed himself in writing on all sorts of subjects; but he is idle enough to have done most things of this kind, so as to make them charm the senses, rather than the most solid faculties. He writes verses, but 'tis like the gentleman and man of taste, not like the poet; and among a thousand careless things of this kind, he has given us some superior to the productions of our professed poets. He passes from the most serious subjects to the most trifling, with a gallant and easy negligence; and all the smiling Graces seem to attend
his

his call, and carry him out into the world every day in a new form.

His conversation is agreeable, entertaining, and amiable ; he has a manner of expression at once simple and great ; and every idea has its appropriated form in his words, without his seeming to have been at any trouble in thinking for it. He, amidst all this flow of gaiety, ever shews also a modest wisdom, and a nice restraint ; this is very easily misconstrued into a sort of pride, and many people might be led to look on him as a man of a troublesome delicacy : But 'tis all one to him what the world thinks, his knowledge of himself makes him insensible of the wrong character others have of him, and his own esteem is entirely enough for him.

I have been a long time of the number of his friends, and I never knew any person of so easy a turn for society ; as warmth of imagination never hurries him away from reason, he knows nothing of the warmth of new friendships, but then there is no danger of losing his friendship when
once

once he has professed it. He perfectly knows all characters, and will give you just that degree of esteem which you deserve: He never will flatter you with a higher esteem than your accomplishments will warrant, but is sure to put you in your proper place, and he will never let you go lower than that.

You will easily judge, madam, that a character of this kind was made to be beloved; you may banter him, and amuse yourself with him, but you are not to expect either to give or receive more than this, to or from him.

L E T T E R



L E T T E R

From the Marchionefs de Lambert.

TO MR. L'ABBE DE CHOISY,

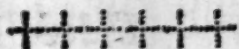
On fending him the Reflections on the Fair Sex.

HERE, my dear Abbe, is the short
H treatise which you have engaged
me to attempt: I have had no
time to finish it, for my mind is taken up
with affairs of a much more serious nature,
and my leisure hours engaged in things of
much greater importance. And let me
add to this, that I have had no little trou-
ble to recall to my mind on several occa-
sions in it, ideas long since lost and for-
gotten; for you who have them always
present with you, you who have never
been able to exhaust the store of joys your
nature has furnished you, however extra-
vagant you have been of them; you who
find

find increasing age sit well and easily upon you, as it neither robs you of love nor pleasure; you who have found the way to establish a mutual good understanding between the pleasures and the reason, for fear you should ever be disturbed by them; you who, by your good œconomy have always a store of pleasures in reserve, and know how to make them regularly succeed one another; you who have known how to manage Nature warily in her pleasures and enjoyments, that pleasures might become the reliefs of Nature; you, in fine, who, like St. Evremont, in your gayer years lived to love, and now love to live; you, my dear Abbe, are right in all.

I demand it of your friendship and fidelity that this piece never get out of your hands, since you are the only confidant I would wish to have of the debauches of my genius.

TO



TO * * *, A JESUIT, ON THE WORKS OF
HOMER.

YOU do me too much honour, Sir, in thinking me capable of judging of such things as you have mentioned to me. I know my duty well, and am sensible that 'tis my business to hear and be silent.

I have shewn our friends your dissertation, and esteem it a very perfect work. *Monf. de la Motte* says, he is for paying all just reverence to *Homer*, but he does not esteem him altogether divine. He revolts from the allegiance *Madam Dacier* thinks we owe that great author; and granting him all the beauty of his narrations, his descriptions, and his images, he desires to know whether what we accuse in him as faults, are not as really so as these are beauties? Whether the gods of *Homer* do not greatly debase our ideas of divinity? And whether the heroes of that poet are such perfect characters, as to be established as models and examples to

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ſucceeding times. Indeed I am of opinion, that ſome of the heroes of the preſent age hurt the character of thoſe of Homer.

M. de la Motte agrees, that if Homer had been born in times of more advanced knowledge and more poliſh'd manners, ſuch as the preſent, he would have been a much more admirable poet ; for he does all the juſtice in the world to his genius. Indeed M. de Cambray ſeems to have done great juſtice to the cauſe, when he allows that with all his perfections, Homer carries the infirmities which muſt attend human nature : But Madam Dacier is by no means contented to think with St. Auſtin, that this poet was a pleaſant trifler ; ſhe will allow him much greater appellations.

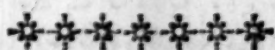
You will pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs of theſe ſentiments, when you conſider I am not ſpeaking of myſelf, but am the mere eccho of our general diſcourſe ; but let me aſſure you, I ſpeak from myſelf, when I tell you, that there plainly reigns in all you write, a manner of reaſoning, which carries evidence and perſpicuity with it ;

it; and that you join those two things, which M. Pascall has declared he never believed could be join'd, a nice and methodically regular, and a perfectly free and easy imagination; you plainly have them both. You have engaged me in a road of very lofty thoughts, and elevated my soul to bold and great designs; I would not attempt to enlarge our faculties, that is your proper office, but I would fain unite our hearts; assist me then, Sir, and let us join in this great attempt.

Disputes in matters of erudition, are always carried further than they ought to be. The mind alone ought to be concerned in them, without interesting the heart, and giving way to passion. This controversy has been long enough upon the carpet, and we know there is never any good in carrying debates too high. I love M. de la Motte, and infinitely esteem Madam Dacier; our sex is vastly indebted to her genius, as she has entered her protest against the common error, which condemns us to an eternal ignorance:

Men, partly in disdain, and partly to keep up their lordly superiority over us, have forbid us all knowledge; but this lady has boldly proved, that our sex are greatly capable of it; she has renewed the union between good sense and erudition; for of late times, the ladies had given their modesty a wrong turn; shame was no longer the effect of vice, but the ladies had learned to blush at their knowing any thing, more than at the most heinous crimes; and 'tis to the honour of this lady, that she has set at liberty that spirit, which prejudice and custom had so long held captive, and alone stands up for our rights and privileges: Out of our esteem for the one of these great persons, and our friendship for the other, let us attempt whether we cannot bring them to a reconciliation; and the present time seems to me extremely proper for the undertaking. Madam Dacier has unloaded her heart by the many severe things she has said; and the public smiles and applauds M. de la Motte; for there is no denying but that he has an extremely

tremely easy and amiable turn; his last work has given abundant proof of this; and people read him, quote him, and admire him. There seems therefore at present, a sort of compensation between them; but it will be a very nice point to hit the exact equipoise, and turn it to advantage: This is left to you only. I am, with all the esteem which your merit claims, &c.



C H A R A C T E R II.

TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME SUBJECT

HAD it not been for my unhappy ill state of health, I should not have been thus long, Sir, before I answered the letter you did me the honour to write to me. I am to blame you much for shewing my last to the Abbe Auvergn and M. Cade-rouffe: It was making me appear before a tribunal of the utmost judgment and true taste.

In what I have given you as my opinion of your manner of writing, I have

been far from attempting praise : All I meant was to give you my real sentiments, as to your merit. You would have been displeas'd, Sir, if I had not answer'd, justly, to the questions you propos'd to me ; but I shall never attempt to enter the lists with you, our arms are too unequal : Consider too, Sir, that I am but a woman, of a sex whose genius, if we have any, is ever curb'd by custom, and with whom, every thought ought to hide its head under the veil of modesty.

After paying this proper tribute to the modesty of my sex, I shall go on to observe, that you are certainly right in your assertion, that 'tis to christianity that we owe our exalted notions of the Deity ; but I cannot but observe also, that there have certainly been great men of antiquity, no more indebted to christianity for their ideas than Homer was, who yet have had much nobler thoughts, than that poet, of divinity. You say, he could not but follow the establish'd mythology at that time, which he dar'd not reject or contradict.

But

But if this is the case, Sir, how is it that Plato says of him, that he was tormented in hell for having spoken unworthily of the gods; or how could this be just, if he had written exactly according to the general sense of the world at that time? But I blush for the boldness of my quoting Plato to you; I am too rash in making you the confidant of my literary debauches, and I beg your pardon.

You plead also with M. de la Motte, that the design of a poem is to please; and that, to please, a poet must conform to the received mythology of the times, and not make a poem on a new and unknown system of philosophy. I am well convinc'd that in regard to poetry, one can by no means depart from the ideas of antiquity, in regard to the muses, Apollo, Venus, and the rest of the family. If the gods of paganism are only intended to please our imagination, and embellish the flights of poetry, they are by no means to be made the objects of a serious worship or homage; for example, in speaking of

Jupiter's displeasure at Vulcan's ugliness, you tell us very pleasantly, that to punish him, Jupiter gave this poor devil of a god a kick of the breech, which render'd him lame for all the rest of his eternal days : This, Sir, is pleasant enough, but surely there is nothing of divinity in it.

You tell me, Sir, that the very wildest extravagancies of a receiv'd system, stand in the place of so many fix'd principles, which, on no occasion, are ever brought into question, or made the subject of doubt or surmise. I shall drop the consequences which might be drawn from the same principle in another case, they are too serious a subject.

As to Homer's heroes, you observe, that he has painted them as they were, not as they ought to have been ; he attempted nothing more than to paint them as he saw them, and confined himself wholly to imitation : And what appears to have been the reason of this ? Why, that his genius could carry him no farther than his eyes, nor could he conceive any thing more perfect

fect than what he saw: But if his imagination dropt him, Sir, could not his heart have here assisted him, and instructed him what to attempt. He has given us however no model for the perfections of the heart, and why is this? The pardoning of enemies, or the revenging ourselves by means of benefits conferr'd on them, the virtues of humanity and generosity, have ever been known in the most early times, and ever been found in the greatest souls: And doubtless, if Homer had had a soul capable of forming ideas of such perfections, he would have given them to his heroes. Nothing can appear more brutal than the passions and injuries which M. de la Motte has charged the characters of many of his heroes with, and even Madam Dacier confesses that he degrades the characters of his heroes by the epithets he gives them. He makes Agamemnon arm'd and cloath'd with rashness and imprudence, and tells us of all of them, that in one of the battles their courage was all fallen under

der foot. These are fine praises for heroes.

Briseis is forcibly taken away from Achilles, and can one pardon the hero's going on this occasion into his tent, and contenting himself with powting and threatening like a boy? This is a most ridiculous and impotent anger; a lazy rage which undertakes nothing. On the whole, Achilles's behaviour on this occasion is quite contrary to the sentiments, the customs and the manners of the human species in any age.

I am very sensible that, in order to judge of these things, we must place ourselves in a proper point of view, and carry our imagination back to that time in which the actions were perform'd, to form a proper judgment on them; since, as you well observe, we are in no condition to determine any thing as to their actions, till we can know the ideas they had of things. It has therefore been a very difficult task for M. de la Motte to characterize properly Homer's heroes, since, if he had suited them

them to our times, they would by no means have been proper for those in which they liv'd; and, had he wholly conform'd to those, they would not have been very proper to please in ours.

You have indeed, Sir, reduc'd all the points in question to a state of well-founded doubt, and every thing is left to be merely arbitrary. The greater part of our disputes on this subject happen to be in regard to things, which we are by no means in a state to judge properly of. The two parties affirm, on each side, that there are a great many beauties, and that there are a great many defects in Homer, but we want to know the number and the measure of those defects. And we must then compare them with his beauties, to see which are the greater part, but with all our care we shall fall upon a very uncertain calculation. How and whence also are we to form our judgments of his perfections? These are real, not imaginary. If we attach the idea of beautiful and perfect to greatness, to novelty, and
to

to diversity of fancy, Homer must be assuredly allowed to have a multitude of beauties and perfections ; but if we attach to these qualities the ideas of such sentiments as hit all the passions, and paint in all its states the perfection of the human heart, Homer, then, in my opinion, is far from a perfect or a compleatly beautiful writer.

The Author of Nature has attach'd to each idea in our minds a sensation which ought for ever to accompany it : This is an establishment in our nature of as long standing as since our first creation. There are, however, notwithstanding this, some authors who never awake in us any pleasing sensation, whom yet one cannot but esteem. These writers please and charm the soul, without engaging the heart or any of its sensations in the party. Homer, in my opinion, is in some degree ally'd to this set. Notwithstanding that Madam Dacier is for sacrificing every thing to the passion she has for Homer, yet I know how to judge of her love to him, and am
persuaded

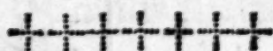
persuaded that her translation is very just and faithful : On all other occasions, that lady shews herself a person of a world of imagination, guided by a sound and solid judgment ; so that it is always necessary, in considering this translation, to separate Madam Dacier from Homer, as M. de la Motte used to separate Homer from his poem.

At the time when Homer wrote, poetry was in its earliest infancy, the rules and laws of it were not yet in being ; Homer had no example to guide him in the great undertaking, he was forced to draw every thing from himself, and moved alone without a rival, and without a model. He did great things in such a state as this, but he did not give a perfect and a finished poem, and all the beauties there are in him cannot hide the appearance of a great many faults. I give you freely my sense of the case, but I pretend not to decide in favour of either party. I command my little reason to be silent, but my sensations are free and independent. I don't pretend
to

to tell you what I think, suppose I think nothing; but I cannot but feel, and what I feel when I read Homer, judge from what I have been so free to say of him.

I am sorry to say I can give you no prospect of that reconciliation we wished.

I beg of you not to shew my letter to Madam Dacier, nor to give any one a copy of it. Remember you have deceived my confidence once already.



L E T T E R IV.

TO THE SAME.

TO say the truth, Sir, you have done me justice, and I return you my very sincere thanks for it.

Nothing is more true than that, I have laboured with all possible assiduity for these ten years, to prevent the printing of the manuscript, which I lent to a friend, and which was found among his papers at his death. M. Ganean, the bookseller concerned,

cerned, will assure you that I would have bought up the whole edition, but he refused to receive my money, on a very generous account, which was, that a great number of them were already fold.

I refused the importunities of all my friends who desired me to print it, and in particular those of M. Riviere, whose merits deserve and command a peculiar deference; and it is well known to the world, that I once bought up the copy of another manuscript.

'Tis long since I wrote that advice, and I meant it for my own instruction only, persuaded that I ought to shew the effects of it in my own life, before I delivered it down to my children. I very early learned the necessity that women have to qualify themselves to act as reasonable creatures, and no less an author than yourself has assured me, that happiness is no way to be acquired but by means of virtue; and I am proud to confess, that practice and experience have amply convinced

vinced me of the truth of that great assertion.

Here, Reverend Sir, is the confession of my faith. Give me leave to join to it the sincerest acknowledgments to you, and to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, &c.

THE



THE FAIR SOLITARY,

OR, FEMALE HERMIT. A NOVEL.

***T a visit Alicia, and some ladies of
A her acquaintance, paid Belinda at
*** her country seat, a motion was made to
put the horses to the coach and take an
airing. The season of the year admitted
of getting out early, and their journey was
to a meadow by a river-side, with a large
wood at the end. On one side of this
wood was a pretty steep rock, on the top
of which stood an hermitage, and at the
foot of the rock ran a pretty broad stream,
which seemed to forbid a farther passage.
This water rises from a torrent, which
falls from the hill on the rocks. The
murmuring noise it makes, together with
the natural cascades it forms, in the gloom
of the wood, presents the eye with as
agreeable

agreeable an entertainment as the most cultivated spot of ground can do.

“ This is my usual walk, says Belinda,
“ I like the silence of the place. It in-
“ spires a soothing melancholy. Hither
“ I often repair alone, or without any
“ company but my thoughts.

“ But do you never meet with the Her-
“ mit, and have you not yet ventured
“ into his habitation, said one of the la-
“ dies ? I have not had a sight of him yet,
“ answered she.”

Well, said Alicia, I love these hermits,
and should be glad of a little talk with
one of them. A way of life so much out
of the common course makes me fancy,
that they must needs be either vastly su-
perior to, or very much below other men.

Here the company alighted, and walked
over a green, close by the side of a brook.
On going further they came to a place,
where the tall poplars which grew on the
banks of the river hung very much over,
and by their bending formed a kind of a
bridge, at the foot of which appeared a
small

small path in the rock, by which the ascent was easy to the top; but whether made by nature, or contrived by art, is uncertain.

The ladies, guided by their curiosity, followed this small track, and soon got to the door of the hermitage. They saw at the same time a tall handsome woman hastily enter this rural habitation, and pull the wicket after her; upon which, said they, since women are admitted here, we may also claim the same right. Accordingly they knocked at the door, but no body would answer. Continuing however to make a loud noise, and giving thereby to understand that they would not be denied, the same person they had seen before, came out, and told them, her little dwelling was not worthy the notice of ladies of their fashion. They made answer, that their business was with the Hermit who lived there, and that they must see him; upon which the woman, perceiving it would be in vain to make any further resistance, opened the door, but

but at the same time told them that they would find nobody there but herself. The company stept in hastily, and having soon looked over the little cottage, which was plain and homely, but neat, were indeed much surprized to find no other person but the woman.

“ Our curiosity increaseth, says Belinda :
“ How can you live here by yourself?
“ What an odd sort of life is this for a
“ woman, and what could make you embrace it? The more I view you, the
“ more my astonishment increaseth. By
“ your age and appearance you seem unfit for so wild a dwelling, you might be
“ an ornament to cities.”—And indeed through a dejected air, and a sweet and modest countenance, she discovered much beauty. “ Alas! replied the Solitary, I
“ am unable to answer such compliments.
“ I am almost a stranger to the usual language of the world, neither have I, during four years abode in this retreat,
“ seen or conversed with any human creature.”—Who then supplies you with
the

the necessaries of life? asked they. “—A
“ young woman, returned she, who had
“ an affection for me, would fain have
“ accompanied me hither, but, having a
“ family, she could not leave it. How-
“ ever she is settled in a neighbouring
“ town, whence she brings me twice a
“ week more than is sufficient for the sup-
“ port of a life, which I wish I had, and
“ which I ought to have, lost long ago.”

These words were followed by a flood of tears, which, together with her appearance and distress, soon gained her the compassion of her fair guests. “ In seeing
“ you, cried they, ’tis impossible to avoid
“ pitying you, whilst the interest we take
“ in your misfortunes intitles us to their
“ recital. Let their cause be what it
“ will, we shall still pity you. If you are
“ wretched through the fault of others,
“ we’ll join in your resentment; if by
“ your own, fortune only shall be to
“ blame, and you shall never appear
“ guilty in our eyes.”

“ Your

“ Your indulgence and good-nature,
“ ladies, replied she, will not reconcile
“ me to myself. I have quitted the world
“ to shun my own being, but am still al-
“ ways present to myself. I thought that,
“ when I should no longer have witnesses
“ to my follies, I might then possibly for-
“ give and forget them. But, merciless
“ to myself, I am ever condemning and
“ punishing them. The silence of these
“ woods brings them fresher to my mind,
“ and adds new feeling to their sting.
“ Disengaged from all things else, they
“ alone are the employment of my whole
“ leisure time.—Perhaps, fair lady, re-
“ sumed Alicia, ’tis an over delicacy only
“ that makes you thus cruel to yourself.
“ However, you cannot well refuse the
“ recital of your misfortunes to people
“ that already take so large a share in
“ them.”

She would have excused herself, but
the ladies, whose curiosity was greatly
raised, assuring her they would not leave
her

her till she had acquainted them with her unfortunate history. She began thus.

“ Since then, ladies, you insist upon it, I shall give you a plain narrative of my life, in which, though I may not have the merit of appearing innocent in your eyes, I shall at least have that of being sincere.— I am born of a noble family. My father had the happiness of having served his king and country well in many important occasions, and enjoyed great places at court, but, meeting afterwards with some injustice in having a rival preferred to a post he thought his due, he grew highly disgusted. At that very time he had done the king of S—— a considerable piece of service, so that, thinking all his obligations to his country, and an ungrateful prince, cancelled by the unjust treatment he had met with, he engaged in a rebellion that was raised against him. As he had the chief command in a great province, ’twas an easy matter for him to bring about a change of masters amongst the people of his government; he was
very

very indifferent about making terms for himself. The services he was doing the cause, and a large province he was subduing, were his hostages and securities for the promises they made him, whilst on our part we had nothing but bare words to depend upon. In the mean while all our estates and preferments were forfeited; in lieu of which we had only fine promises, which were but indifferently performed. I was then very young, had lost my mother, and was the delight of my father. I had an only brother, some years older than myself, who went to the army with my father, and learned the art of war under his direction.

As for myself, I was to be sent to one of those houses that are destined for the education of young ladies, but the princess Zaide, whose husband had formerly commanded in our province, and been very intimate with my father, begged of him to leave me with her, which he consented to. This lady was fond of children, they were her chief diversion, and she

she had but one son. I was brought up with as much care as if I had been her own daughter : She appointed me governesses and proper masters, who cultivated all my good inclinations. She took a kind of pleasure and amusement in dressing me, and often gave little entertainments to the young children of my age. I had the good luck to please in them, and always strove to outdo even what was thought well in the rest.

The prince Camillus (that was her son's name) was some years older than I. He had a noble and graceful person. We lived together, and whenever he had done with his masters, he would seek my company with great fondness. In all his actions he gave me a remarkable preference over my companions. As I advanced in age, the graces, I am told, were not wholly unmindful of my person, and his liking to me increased every day. I too early experienced the pleasure of being loved, and found a satisfaction in it. 'Tis

an unhappy thing to contract such an habit from our infancy.

Prince Camillus's friends had designed him for the duke of * * * 's daughter. Her name was Valeria: She was the heiress of the family, so that an ample fortune and distinguished titles made her a match worthy of him. He was often conducted to pay his court to her; she likewise came to wait on the old princess, and we often met together at our little plays and entertainments. She was handsome, and could not bear the remarkable preference our young lover gave me: In revenge she would often reflect with scorn and contempt on my fortune; but the prince's commendations and my glass made me perfectly easy; for I was already of an age to find a satisfaction in being handsome.

His reluctance to visit the lady Valeria soon grew remarkable. Hitherto we had lived together without any manner of constraint, and his attachment to me had been looked upon as of no consequence; but,

but, as it increased every day, it began to grow serious, and he was therefore forbid to enter my apartment.

His love quickened by this prohibition. He grew sad and melancholy; and as he was of a hot and fiery temper, the restraint that was laid upon his inclinations acted upon his health in such a manner, that he fell sick. His mother was greatly alarmed at the accident. Valeria too came several times to visit him, but he paid her regard with so much coldness, that she was prodigiously nettled at the return. In the mean while his illness gained so much upon him, that all other considerations were laid aside to apply to the saving of his life. He was therefore allowed to see me, and I was accordingly conducted to his apartment by the women who had the care of me. The sight of me had a speedier effect upon him than all the art of the physicians, and his health returned in proportion to the liberty he had of being in my company. His mother, however, was revenged on me for the necessity she

was reduced to of allowing an intercourse, the consequences of which were so much dreaded. She no longer retained the same tender friendship for me; the commendations that were bestowed on me, and with which she was formerly so well pleased, now grew offensive to her, and I was often punished for being liked too much.

The prince, having at last perfectly recovered his health, became in a short time the most accomplished Lord in the court. He began now to assume an air of haughtiness and independance, and slight the assistance of his masters, but retained still an infinite respect for his mother; though I was the limit of his obedience. He obeyed her in every thing except in what related to me.

At length she expostulated the matter one day with him, and asked what he meant at last to do by his attachment for me. "Every thing, madam, answered he; for when I meet with birth, virtue and beauty in the object of my affections, I think I may, without blushing,

“ blushing, own my passion and further
“ intentions.” So smart and resolute an
answer made her tremble ; she represented
to him the great distance there was be-
tween him and me, the misfortunes of
my family, the loss of our preferments,
and the forfeiture of our estates ; to all
which he replied, “ There fortune only is
“ to blame, not she ; and may you not
“ too, madam, be a little in fault to set
“ so high a value on that sort of advan-
“ tages which do not depend on us.”—
But, answered the princess, “ you find in
“ Valeria both those you are taken with,
“ and the others you reproach me with
“ making too great an account of.”
“ Oh, madam ! replied the young prince,
“ my heart and your eyes are widely dif-
“ ferent in their judgments. You see,
“ but I feel ; and whatever inequality
“ there be between persons, love brings
“ them all to a level.”

The princess now saw that there was
no time to be lost, but that I must be
sent out of the way, and accordingly I

was put into a house designed for a retreat from the world. The prince was no sooner apprized of the news, but he flew to the place, and threatened the persons appointed for my keepers to have recourse to the last extremities, if they did not produce me. His menaces were of no effect; they persisted in their refusal, and protested they would let no body see me without an order from the princess, his mother. He went to her next, and spoke with a transport of heat, which offended her. He said, that he was not obliged to her for a life she was endeavouring to make so wretched; that the happiness of his days would be to unite his fortune with mine, and that her power did not extend to an empire over the mind; and, upon her attempting to set before him her authority and his duty, he told her sinartly, that the heart had rights and dues of its own apart from all others.

The princess was prudent; she saw it would be in vain to struggle against the stream, and therefore told him that she would

would sacrifice her just resentment to her regard for him; that she looked upon him as a person out of order, who claimed her pity; but that he could not refuse her to be six months without seeing me, since such a compliance would cost him the less, as the campaign was approaching, and he must set out to take upon him the command of the troops the king had thought fit to trust him with; and that she was persuaded the passion that possessed him had not quite extinguished the love of glory in his soul.—This, indeed, was true; never man enjoyed those two sentiments in a higher degree; neither did the one in the least take from the other.

He could not well deny the princess, but assured her withal that his passion was not to be lessened by time, and that reflection, which never fails curing ordinary flames, would but increase his.

Whatever he could say to the contrary, she was still in hopes that time and absence would do much for her, and therefore now bent her thoughts on endeavouring

to divert one idea by another. She procured him a most magnificent equipage, and provided for his retinue the most pompous attendants that could be found, and joined to these several old officers who had behaved best in the king's service, to train him up to greatness. Nothing was forgotten that might inspire him with the love of glory, and, as he had a vast share of honour, he did not hesitate to embrace a course so much becoming his birth. He prepared therefore to set out for the army, where his sense of glory was equalled by the shining opportunities he had to pursue it.

A young man of merit who belonged to his retinue soon became his confident. He was born of a good family, and could take the liberty of often discoursing him about his present situation, and pitying his being abandoned to a passion, which, as it distracted his mother, so it might likewise cast a stain upon his own reputation. Love, he told him, was not justifiable in great men till they had paid the
tribute

tribute due to glory, and that it might indeed be a state of passage in the life of an hero, but that glory was a qualification that claimed a lasting place therein. “ Descended from the blood you spring
“ from, continued he, and with the merit you possess, you have vast expectations of courage and magnanimity to
“ answer.”

This was in vain, he was not to be heard yet. The prince was abandoned to a despair from which every thing might be feared. He had often repaired to the place of my confinement, and, not having been able to obtain a sight of me, had with difficulty been withheld from the last violences. His confident Timander, who soothed his anguish by his gentleness, and the complaisant discharge of the trust he placed in him, promised him at last to bring me a letter from him. Accordingly he waited on the princess, and represented to her, that it was necessary to compound a little with the prince's grief; that were she to insist upon a strict compliance with

her orders, and exact obedience with too much rigour, she might drive him to the greatest extremities ; that she ought not to put her power in competition with the force of love, nor set up her rights against those of the heart, for neither were to be controuled by authority ; that the prince ought to be pitied and diverted by some great object, without being made sensible of their design ; and that in exalted and haughty souls there were great resources to be found to work them to our ends. He concluded by acquainting her, that the prince had desired him to bring me a letter, that he was accordingly come to receive her orders, and that as to himself, she might rest assured she had nothing to fear from the confidence her son placed in him.

The princess having yielded to these arguments, Timander came and found me melancholy and thoughtful. Your beauty, madam, said he, makes strange work already. Is this the first trial of your skill ? I gave him no answer, but what he could read in my confused countenance and bashful looks : However, continued he
here

here is a letter the prince has ordered me to deliver into your hands.—I must not take it, said I, and am extremely sorry for the effect, what you are pleased to call, beauty has had upon him. I know what I am, and at how great a distance the misfortunes of my family place me from him. I am bound by the ties of gratitude and respect to the princess, his mother; and if my eyes have had the misfortune to please him, my heart has had no share in the design. Therefore tell him I beseech him to forget me. Timander here again pressed me to receive the billet he had obtained leave to bring me; and the person, whose care I was under, bidding me take and read it, I accordingly opened it, and found these words.

“ Nothing, madam, but the passion
“ you have inspired in me can exceed the
“ affliction I am under. Expressions are
“ too poor for what I feel. You are
“ persecuted for my sake, and your sufferings alone cause all the tortures that
“ distract me. I now discover my love
“ without disguise or reserve, a boldness
“ I

“ I borrow from the innocence of my intentions ; and as every thing opposes
“ my designs, my desires become the
“ more inflamed, and my resolutions the
“ better confirmed. Are not you formed
“ madam, to be loved ? In you I find all
“ my excuses.—When a man loves as
“ much as I do, the greatest pleasure he
“ can feel, is to find that he loves with
“ the justest reason ; and this, madam,
“ is a satisfaction I must owe you all the
“ moments of my life.”

Well, madam, says Timander, will you not favour us with an answer to this billet ?—I don't think it at all proper, answered I.—Why so, added he, you are not forbid it.—My duty to myself, returned I, forbids it.

After an hour's conversation he took his leave, and desired to know what he should tell the prince. Tell him, said I, that I have a grateful heart, and am moved with his sorrow ; but that, in the circumstances we are in, the best thing for him to do is, to think no more of me, and for me to forget him, if I can. He went back

back to the prince with this answer, which did not seem to displease him.

Returning to my chamber, I read the prince's letter over again with a concern of tenderness, which would have given him the highest satisfaction. Not long after this message, I heard he was upon his departure for the army. His mother had procured him the most splendid equipage in the world, and purchased him one of the first posts in the army. She was, by this, opening a door to honours, and he was setting out with distinction in the road to glory. Timander called once more upon me before his departure, and brought this second letter.

“ I am departing for the army, madam.
“ I must answer the call of glory to reach
“ the throne of love, and become worthy
“ of you. I therefore fancy you are the
“ prize I am going to conquer.—But
“ alas! love is not to be merited, and I
“ must abandon myself to a grief worthy
“ of your absence and my heart. Do but
“ think, madam, that I am without you ;
“ that will be sufficient to deserve your
“ pity.—

“pity.—I would sacrifice my life to my
“evil stars, but that I know it is conse-
“crated to you, and love will claim an
“account of it at my hands.”

Timander painted, in the liveliest colours, the distress the prince was in. The picture affected me prodigiously. I felt my bosom rent by a thousand different agitations. I thought myself vastly indebted to him: I had hopes, fears, and even desires; yet all these passions were not well distinguished in my soul. I was flattered with the prince's love; but then again I was too much reminded of the distance between him and me. This startled my pride, and, when self-opinion took up the scales to weigh our merits, I own I did not find myself so vastly beneath him. 'Tis true, I might indeed have renounced an alliance I was made to buy at too high a price, but in the attempt the prince's love and distress stopped me short.—He was sacrificing his greatness to me, and I my pride to him. He had not been long in the army before he gave proofs of his bravery. In him courage was joined with a great share
of

of sense and prudence (though the latter was still confined to his head, and had not yet reached his heart) whilst reading and reflection supplied his want of experience ; all which gave reason to hope he would one day be a great general.

There was a great battle fought a few days after his arrival. . The enemies finding themselves hard pressed in the post they occupied, and fearing to be attacked in their intrenchments, resolved to be beforehand with us. Accordingly having made all the previous dispositions to a battle, they fell upon us at a time, when by their situation we would have thought they should only have kept on the defensive. However they came up like desperadoes, determined to sell dearly their lives, and victory had long remained doubtful, when the left wing, which my father commanded, began at last to give way. The prince, who was at the head of the infantry, flew immediately to his assistance. He found him wounded, fallen under his horse, and all about him either
dead

dead, or put to flight. He ran to him, lifted him from the ground, remounted him on a spare horse, bound up his wound with his handkerchief, and rallying the troops, charged briskly the enemy, routed them intirely, and obtained a compleat victory, which cost them all their artillery and baggage, besides a great number of prisoners.

My father began to feel his hurt after he was out of the heat of the action, and was obliged to be carried to his tent, where the surgeons searched his wound, and found it very considerable. The first thing he did was, to enquire after the person to whom he owed his life, and being told that it was the prince who had thus saved him, he could not conquer his concern for being so greatly obliged to him: Is it possible, said he, that I must be so infinitely in his debt? All the time of his illness, the prince never ceased his generous offices: He sent for the most eminent surgeons to dress his wound; had his own officers to wait on him, and more than
once

once offered him his purse, which he constantly refused to accept. Word was sent me of my father's wound, how I owed his life to the prince, and of all the kind offices he had received from him during his illness. On this, the infinite regard and affection I had for so dear a parent, made me think I might send the prince my acknowledgments, without trespassing against the rules of decency. Accordingly, without consulting any body, I wrote him the following letter.

“ I don't think I transgress the laws of
“ decency, by thus expressing the grateful
“ sense of my obligations to you for hav-
“ ing preserved a life so precious to me as
“ is that of a father, whom I honour be-
“ yond all expression.—Alas! Sir, must
“ esteem, gratitude, and natural senti-
“ ments, all join to force a heart, which
“ would have chosen to yield only to its
“ inclination and your tenderness? Fame
“ is already wholly taken up with you.
“ For this am I to thank glory alone, and
“ must

“ must not love claim some share of the
“ debt ? ”

I feared a long while for my father's life ; but at last he gave some hopes of a recovery, to hasten which he caused himself to be carried into the country, whither I followed immediately to wait on him, and employ my cares for a health that was so dear to me.

The prince returned covered with glory. He often came in a friendly manner to visit my father, and I found him still the same towards me as when we parted. I acknowledged the obligations I lay under, and the sentiments of gratitude he could claim from me ; but these expressions offended him. I must have no returns but from your heart, said he : Delicacy of sentiments is an attendant of love, which quickens all its pleasures, though it often prepares us many vexations. But what must become of me, if with sentiments so natural, so strong, and so fond as mine, you should not answer them, and I could inspire you with nothing

thing but thoughts of gratitude?—Yet, replied I, I must not entertain any others.

There began now to be some talk of peace, and the prince, notwithstanding his youth, held so distinguished a rank, that he was called into all the consultations held upon that subject. They ended at last in a general pacification, and the prince took particular care to have my father included in the treaty. Accordingly, by virtue of a general amnesty, and a separate article for our family, our estates were to be restored to us, as well as the places my father held before the war, which he was left at liberty either to take possession of again, or to accept of an equivalent in lieu thereof.

My father's health returned with the satisfaction of once more seeing his family in a flourishing condition. The peace occasioned an universal joy throughout the kingdom, and nothing was thought of at court, but the celebrating of it by festivals and rejoicings. My father now left the country to take a house in town, and set
up

up an equipage fuitable to his birth. As I was already passed my childhood, he took me home, but desired a lady of his acquaintance, who had lost her husband, and had suffered from the frowns of fortune, to come and live with us, and have an eye over my conduct. Her name was Leonora: I was ordered to shew her as much obedience as if she were my mother: She had a great share of understanding, had seen the world, and took care that I did not stir a step without her.

Very soon after I was presented to the Queen. Her majesty received me with great kindness, treated me with distinction, and said very handsome things of my person.

The whole winter season was spent in diversions. The queen was young, and had a taste for pleasures. There was not an assembly but what she was so kind as to admit me into, and I shewed away with pretty good success. Prince Camillus made likewise one at every ball that was given. He danced exceeding well; his
person

person was above any Lord's at court, and the glory he had acquired in the late campaign, seemed to cast a new lustre on him. I had the satisfaction of hearing him praised, and he the pleasure of finding his choice universally approved. Whenever we were dancing together, busy whisperings behind us declared how every body agreed in pronouncing us made for one another.

The princess Valeria bore with impatience the figure I made at court, and the queen's kindness to me, but much more the prince's fondness. She fell into so deep a melancholy, that I could not help pitying her condition. Her passion glowed in her eyes; a secret languor was spread over her whole person; grief preyed upon her beauty; and, though Nature intended her fair, Love had now ordered it otherwise. She had handsome features, but a wan and pale look robbed them of all their charms.

She comforted herself by easing her mind to a young relation who lived with her,

her, and had her confidence. One day, as I was walking in the palace-garden with Leonora, we espied the princess and her confident entering into a pretty dark grove, upon which I proposed to my friend to follow them. Accordingly we stept after her, and entered a side alley next to that where she was sitting with her companion. She spoke with heat enough to be heard. What, said she, would you have me do with myself? I live but for him, and yet I shall never gain his love.—Forgive him this piece of levity, said the other, he will soon return to you. How? replied Valeria, you would have me not concerned at his usage! And you call levity a natural passion which he cannot resist! A passion, to which he sacrifices his love to me, his glory, his fortune, and all he owes to the best of mothers! My heart has too often found his excuses; when we love, we forgive long; but you do not see him with eyes as interested as mine. What cold insensibility has he not shewn for my pains!—There is

is a kind of meanness in feeling and suffering for those that do not feel for us. I can no longer bear the rackings of my heart, and the stinging reproaches of my pride. I must, I will silence them, and fall upon some method worthy of me. What may that be, answered her relation. Why, to retire for ever from court, replied she;—she could not proceed further, a flood of tears interrupting her speech.—Strange resolution! answered her confident; you would punish yourself, because another is guilty! Here night coming on, they withdrew.

I seemed so affected with the princess's affection, that Leonora could not help expressing her surprize. What! said she to me, must one enter into a rival's grief!—I never feared her, replied I, and, as I have had nothing to dispute with her, I cannot now enjoy the ill-natured pleasure of triumphing in her distress. The prince's heart was tendered me without my wishing or desiring it, and therefore, as she gives me neither fear nor uneasiness, I
cannot

cannot hate her. I have some share of good-nature, and must pity her condition.

At my return home I found one of the queen's gentlemen, who brought me word, that she had engaged me to an entertainment the king was to give, on account of the marriage of the princess Flavia, one of her majesty's relations; that, in case I had not jewels enough, she would send me some, and desired to know what I might want. I told him, I had a suit of green velvet and gold, which would do very well with a set of rubies, if I could get them. I withdrew afterwards to prepare my dress, and, out of complaisance to her majesty, took more pains about it than otherwise I would have done.

The day appointed for this magnificent entertainment was spent in all manner of diversions. There was a play acted in the evening, which was followed by a grand supper and a ball; and nothing in the world could be more gallant and better conducted. The princess Flavia looked perfectly

perfectly charming : For, though she is not a regular beauty, she has so much youth and bloom, with so beautiful a colour, that she may cut down others handsomer than herself.

About the middle of the ball there was a great stir at the door, which engaged the attention and eyes of the whole company. It was the duke of Praxede who was just arriving from the army. His coming was quite unexpected ; he had made a shining campaign, had beaten the enemy, and entered the room with an air of confidence, supported by his natural valour and good mien. I had never seen him before : He was not better acquainted with me ; and, in casting his eyes towards me, I heard him say some very fine things. His words, his looks, and the very sound of his voice threw my soul into an agitation, which I had never felt before. The prince and he were then at variance ; they were both driving towards the same goal, and each other's rivals in glory and merit ; upon which account

they had been separated, and the court had not thought fit to employ them both in the same army.

As soon as he arrived, the princess Flavia offered him her hand to dance: He took me next, but I was so confused, that, had I dared, I would have refused his civility.

All the time the ball lasted, he kept his eyes constantly on me: I turned mine from him, and would fain refuse him my looks as a favour he had no right to. However he took me several times to dance, and made himself so remarkable, that it was thought he did it on purpose to spite the prince. You may be sure I had no share in the design, and indeed, as soon as the ball was over, I ran home in great haste, and the prince left the company to conduct me.

“ Your charms, madam, said he, (when
“ at liberty to speak) operate on every
“ body, and the duke of Praxede comes
“ to swell the number of your conquests.
“ Indeed, Sir, replied I, his affecting to
“ take

“ take me so often to dance, and his staring at me, has given me a great deal of uneasiness.—But why so, madam, answered he? So much care never to cast a look towards him shews that you dreaded his eyes, and was diffident of your own. A person that feels nothing is always free and open; and over-acting our parts, on certain occasions, often betrays a consciousness of not being always right.—But, replied I, what would you quarrel with me about? I never saw him before in my life.—That may be, answered he again, but he has seen you, and you was handsomer than usual to-day: Nay, he loves you, and that alone, even though you were not guilty, is enough to make me wretched.”

Ever after this the prince watched me with a caution that gave me offence. The duke on his part followed me every where, and I always found him ready to catch my looks in all public places. The prince was informed of all his steps; he became peevish and suspicious, and, though he

could lay nothing to my charge, yet he was not satisfied with me. He thought the duke very insolent to pretend to a person, to whom he had been so long engaged; but for my part, I own I fancied he wanted only to teaze and alarm the prince, and believed, that, he thought if I could not serve the purpose of his heart, I might at least gratify his vanity. Such a notion was highly offensive to me, and therefore I shunned him carefully. The prince himself took notice of this; whereupon I opened my mind to him one day, telling him I could not believe I was any ways concerned in his grief, since, were it so, it would be doing me the highest injustice; to which he answered, “ You do
“ not indeed seem to join with the duke
“ against me; you avoid him, and shew
“ me even a greater regard than ever, and
“ yet you are guilty: Nay, you are so
“ without knowing it, and you would fain,
“ by an increase of kindness, make amends
“ for the wrongs you are doing me.—
“ Good Heavens, cried I, what then is
“ my

“ my crime!—You love the duke, an-
 “ swered he: Yes Mademoiselle, you
 “ doat on him, and ’tis I that must in-
 “ form you thereof. I know I am going
 “ to appear whimsical and ridiculous, and
 “ justify all your wrongs. I provide you
 “ with weapons against myself, which
 “ you’ll turn to a proper use. I see and
 “ feel the whole of my wretchedness, but
 “ I am driven to it.” All this was at-
 tended by a flood of tears, and at taking
 leave he told me further, that he was go-
 ing to conceal his distraction and despair
 from my sight.

He left me in a greater confusion than
 I can well describe: I found I wanted to
 shake off myself, and durst not yet en-
 quire into the cause of the various emo-
 tions, I felt, raised in my breast; when hav-
 ing thrown myself on a couch, Leonora
 entered the room.

I was surprized at her coming, and
 ashamed she should be witness of my dis-
 order. Which she perceiving, “ Come,
 “ said she, recover yourself: I see you
 F 3 “ would

“ would conceal your uneasiness and sentiments from my knowledge ; but you are to blame. Don’t take me for a severe censor, that would condemn all your motions, but look upon me as a friend on whom you may depend, and one capable of comforting and conducting you in the most delicate circumstance of your life. Do not fancy I shall make you a crime of a sensibility. A heart may be sensible and innocent too ; and, to merit your confidence, by my example, I am willing to let you into mine.”—Here she paused a while, and seemed to repent having gone so far ; but I pressed her with so much tenderness to proceed in her story, that she continued thus.

I am acquainted with Love, and have but too dearly paid the tribute due to that little god. You have no doubt heard of the misfortunes of my family, and how I lost my husband and brother both at the same time. The one was the support, and the other the hope of our house. My
brother

brother was taken in arms against his sovereign, and left his head upon a scaffold. Soon after my husband paid with his life a victory he gained over the enemies of the state. Thus was I in one moment stript of all my present advantages and hopes to come ; reduced to lament a dead husband in place, and much esteemed, and to sue for a brother's life and honour : But, alas ! he forfeited both together with his estates, so that I was left without wealth or fortune. The notions of greatness disappeared, and all the charms that are the attendants of a distinguished station in life vanished in an instant. I found myself forsaken and without support, and my only hopes were, that, having been exposed to the frowns of fortune, I should at least be forgotten by love ; but both joined forces to persecute me. Dispense me, madam, with the rest.—

And now, ladies, though every thing she said is still fresh in my memory, from my having been very attentive to this mark of confidence she gave me (wherein she

acted very artfully to come at my heart and secret) yet, as she is unknown to you, the repetition will not perhaps be thought very material, therefore you'll give me leave to drop her history here.—By no means, said we all, pray let us know the rest of Leonora's adventures; whereupon the Solitary continued in these words.

—We like to be let into the weaknesses of people we esteem. We always long to resemble them in something; if their eminent qualities leave us far behind, their foibles bring us to a nearer affinity. That is no small comfort, and in my particular circumstance it was too important for my repose to find a friend in a person who had been set as a watch over my actions. The confidence she was going to place in me, was a kind of security that answered for her, and I was in those moments when a secret lies so heavy on the heart. I longed to speak to her of what I felt, and was too happy to find in her not only advices for my conduct, but the same dear weaknesses which render us more indulgent

indulgent towards those of other people. I pressed her therefore to proceed.

You will then, said she, have the full extent of my secret. I am very much afraid the recital will make all my wounds bleed afresh, and give new life to my passion; but however that shall not prevent my complying with your request. My sentiments being the only pleasure left me, I'll indulge them in their full career. They are indeed of a quite new nature. Olindo in Tasso is quoted as a model of sentiments. He is made to say, that he desires much, hopes little, and asks nothing; but for my part I neither wish, hope, nor ask at all. My passion is supported by nothing; it subsists, feeds, and increases by itself: And thus have I for a long time been taken up with a sentiment most singular in its kind.

I saw at a friend's some years ago the count * * *, you'll excuse me telling his name. To me he appeared a most amiable person, though, with so great a share of the qualifications of the mind, personal

advantages would be less requisite. From the first moment I beheld him he engaged my attention, (which is doing a great deal with me) and I continued seeing him both at my friend's and my own house. There was at that time a gentleman that laid some pretensions to my heart. We had formerly been on the point of marriage, and, when my family had disposed of my liberty in favour of my late husband, he had been afflicted beyond expression. His stars had decreed he should ever love me; therefore, unable yet to resolve to give me over, he still diverted his sorrow with the notion that my heart did not go along with my hand. His esteem and respect for me had indeed stopped and repressed his sentiments, but he was ever watching mine, and telling me every day, that, if I disposed of them to another, he should die with grief.

He soon observed, that my regard for the count was changing into tenderness: My eyes had informed against me, and revealed my secret. And upon this he
vented

vented himself in reproaches that very much offended me.

All this was yet unperceived by the happy man. Not but that he seemed to have some slender inclination for me, and I was ready prepared to reject his declaration, if he should make any. He has since been fully revenged for my idle resolution. If he had any sentiments at all, they have stopt short, whilst mine have had their full run. It was long before I could be clear in what I felt. Heavens! how artfully doth the heart in those cases conceal its inclination, not to alarm our reason and modesty? 'Tis a bare nothing at first: 'Tis the mind we are taken with; and, in short, till love has got the mastery, he remains almost always unknown. He soon discovered himself to me in all his power; and the disorder, which the presence of the count always threw me into, made me sensible of my defeat.

About that time all my misfortunes came showering upon me, and, as I have told you, I lost my husband and brother.

'Twas

'Twas the most compleat and strongest-felt distress in the world. My friend, who often came to comfort me, used to bring the count with her at a time when I saw no body; and I found, to the shame of my grief, that he alone was able to suspend it.

I was afterwards plunged in a world of affairs; my family ruined; my brother perishing with all the infamy of guilt and rebellion, and none but I to assist him, and save all I could out of the ruins of the family. I was in hopes that so many troubles would at least wear out the sentiment I nourished in my heart, but my misfortunes ever kept up a strong remembrance of it.

After many years vexation, time, without the help of reason, effected what the latter had not been able to compass; for we must own, to the shame of our affliction, that it doth not last for ever. In short, having made the most of the wrecks of my fortune, I hoped to enjoy a little quiet. But I had lost the repose of the
heart

heart, and, when restored to myself, I found I was wholly sunk in love. An active hurrying life had, indeed, encroached on its rights ; but I have paid dear for it since. I could no longer mistake my situation ; I was forced to own it, and begin to settle with myself.

Most women, void of thought or design of action, are hurried away by the first sentiment that pleases them. But for my part I considered what I had to do, and, after weighing the count's character and my own, found that I must absolutely avoid him : And, to shew you that my resolution was grounded on knowledge, I'll draw you his picture.—But, no ; I am not in a condition to paint him such as he is. Love would needs conduct the pencil, and I could not suffer any want of merit in the object of my affections.

But, said I, interrupting her, how is it possible that with a heart, overflowing with so great a passion, you should have made no attempts towards either inspiring the

the same in his, or expressing your own to him?—I have my answer ready, replied she.

I was born with a heart greatly susceptible of tenderness, but yet at the same time with a deal of pride. The one cannot be gratified but at the expence of the other. To make me happy they ought both to agree, which is a difficult matter; and my condition is still more miserable when my glory is wounded, than when my heart bleeds; and I have therefore resolved to gratify it. Had I shewn my sentiments, and they been slighted, I should have died with grief; and that was my reason for avoiding him. I was sure of my lips, but could not answer for my eyes; and yet, whilst I was shunning his looks, I was ever seeking for them. What storm would they not raise in my soul, when my eyes happened to glance on him! My tenderness and pride always step in between him and me. The one forced me towards him, the other withheld my fondness;

ness ; and these different impressions gave me a confused and bashful air, which I was afraid might betray me. Yet there is not one moment of my life, wherein my heart doth not require, and I refuse him to its eager desires. My sentiments are as violent now, as when new ; and more than once an increase of tenderness has exhausted the whole stock of courage I had collected by reflection. My thoughts are still on him without intermission. He falls in between every object and me ; in all the projects I form I have him still in view : I fancy his esteem is to be the reward of all the good I do, and I prize it yet more than all the tender sentiments I am able to suppose in him. I have set myself the hardest task in the world, a strictness of behaviour that denies me even the pleasures of imagination ; but, especially, I have promised to avoid him, and accordingly keep my word with myself.

One heart alone is unequal to so mighty a struggle ; and a friend who visited me
often,

often, seeing me pensive and melancholy, at last wrested my secret from me. The confession cost me as much as if it had been something criminal. He endeavoured to quiet my timorousness, and said—Do you think we owe as much fidelity to this whim of honour imposed by custom, as to the other which is the real attendant of virtue: Believe me, madam, the world is not too hard, you owe it but the appearances of decorum; no more is required of you.—I cannot be of your way of thinking, answered I, and I have never met with a woman good for any thing after once throwing off the prejudice of honour. Besides, I have more regard for myself than for the world: I stand in need of my own good opinion, and the testimony of my conscience is more necessary to me than all the suffrages of the public.—But will you, said he again, fall a sacrifice to your passion? You must either get the better of, or yield to it.—If my heart could have obeyed me, replied I, I should have got rid of it long ago

ago, but I can bring it to no manner of terms. Nay, scarce can I forgive my sensibility, and 'tis you that have recalled me to the attention I owe myself.

But after all, madam, an inclination is not a thing that depends on us; it insinuates into our hearts without our leave: Passions seize and hold us in their power as long as they please, and the whole guilt lies in the use we make of them. What have I not done to tear him from my heart? I attempted to leave my native country, and go over to a foreign court. I thought change of place and objects might give a new turn to my ideas; but love, more diligent than me, flew and overtook me on the road. Seeing therefore that all my precautions were useless, and my affairs requiring my presence at home, I returned back. Next I endeavoured to force myself into a liking to some persons that made their addresses to me, hoping to weaken one passion by another, and thus at last to give them both the slip. But, alas! all to no purpose.

I have

I have sacrificed every thing to my imaginary love, and my fidelity to this phantasm of a passion is proof against all. 'Tis really wonderful what lengths I have gone with this mere idea. I have personalized it, so that I keep a social intercourse with it; nay, we have our quarrels and reconciliations: At other times again we are upon easier terms, and, my melancholy being then more soothing, I would not barter it for the highest gratifications of pleasure. 'Tis love alone that can give those endearing fits of sadness which we enjoy with thanks. My ideas are so strong, that there are moments when I fancy him near me, and love wears away the whole space that separates us.

Would you know what has led me to this excess of passion? 'Tis my extream severity to myself? 'Tis not those that yield who love most, but those who resist. All you deny the senses, adds to the hoard of tenderness. I was let loose to the exaggerations of my mind, and, as possession seldom furnishes all the gratifications

fictions our desires lend it, I have loved not in proportion to the merit I have found, but to that which I imagined.

I heard much about that time, that the count had an affair with a lady; a new addition to my grief. My passion, I fancied, gave me some right over his. When we love dearly, we would fain be loved again, and always fancy ourselves worthy of such a return. I was as much piqued at his amour, as if he had really been guilty of an infidelity to me, and his affection for another raised a barrier between him and me. From this engagement he shifted to another. From thence I fancied he was inconstant, and neither serious nor respectful of love, and I found I was doomed to the laborious task of effacing from my heart a sentiment that was deeply engraven in it. But, alas! even now, a hundred times a day I say I will forget him, and say it, but to think still more of him. What must I do with the vast stock of love thus swelling in my heart? Lovers are often cured by reflections; but
mine

mine distemper me the more, and reason is too weak to assist me against my passion.—But 'tis too much expatiating upon what I feel. What, madam, must you now think of me? Or what impressions does my madness make upon you?—Think! replied I, why, that 'tis a sort of consolation to find so estimable a person as you, in some shape, partaking of my weakness.—

After all this, now suffer me, madam, resumed she, to do my office, (for 'tis what we must do sometimes;) by desiring you to consider, that, though I have not fallen into the greatest precipices of love, I have nevertheless been excessively miserable. From a conduct tolerably laudable what advantages have I reaped? Myself the only witness of so many difficulties and strugglings. In love every thing of this nature is lost, because unknown, besides that the heart is never well composed again after having been once agitated with that passion. How amiable and desirable is virtue, even barely with regard to our repose! Take the most fortunate

tunate passions, and sum up, if possible, all the alarms, the pangs, the anxieties, the fears, the jealousies that attend them: Lay all these aside, and leave to love none but its pure joys; how few will they appear? Yet, for the shadow of these few pleasures, we vitiate our taste, and lose the relish of true pleasures for all our lives. Pardon, madam, this small touch of morality. If, by laying myself open to you as I have now done, I have forfeited the privilege of giving advice, I hope by a mutual confidence to regain a new right to your heart, and make myself believed a friend free from suspicion.

Here I was going in return to unbosom my soul to her in full liberty in regard to my situation, when we were told that my father wanted us. Having waited on him, he asked me in a rough angry tone, what I had done to prince Camillus? "His mother has been telling me this moment," continued he, that he grieves most terribly, and you are taxed with being the cause of it: 'Tis very cutting, says she

“ she to me, first to bear, so much against
“ my will, my son’s passion for your daughter,
“ ter, and then to find that very passion
“ serves but to make him unhappy. I
“ believe you too much my friend, not
“ to join with me in breaking an engagement,
“ ment, which is not at all agreeable to
“ me, and you are too much a man of
“ honour not to think rather of fulfilling
“ the duties of gratitude, than of aggrandizing
“ your family at the expence
“ of the friendship you owe me. Since,
“ therefore, your daughter helps us by
“ her ill treatment of my son, let us, concluded
“ she, compleat a rupture, which
“ we durst not have attempted without
“ her concurrence ; and for this purpose
“ I beg of you to carry, or send, her
“ down into the country. I answered,
“ that I desired her to be persuaded that
“ no interests were dearer to me than her
“ own ; that I had nothing more at heart
“ than to give her satisfaction, and that
“ I should immediately order you away.
“ Therefore, Mademoiselle, get yourself
“ ready

“ ready to set out for my country seat in
“ two or three days. The gratitude and
“ fidelity I owe the princess prevent my
“ talking to you in the strain of an of-
“ fended father, but I had rather serve
“ her than you. Certainly, pursued he,
“ turning to Leonora, who had followed
“ me, nothing can come up to my daugh-
“ ter’s ingratitude to an amiable prince,
“ who has a violent passion for her, who
“ sacrifices the greatest advantages to his
“ love, and is the support of our tottering
“ family. When the princess, his mo-
“ ther, out of indulgence to him and
“ kind regard to me, is going to give a
“ consent which costs her so much, she,
“ my daughter, alone raises an obstacle
“ to an affair, which she ought to buy at
“ the expence of half her life!—Oh! in
“ spite of resolution, I shall lose my tem-
“ per, anger resumes its rights, and will
“ have vent! Begone, and never more
“ appear in my sight.” I would have
answered, but he was too much exasper-
ated, and I found the best way was to
withdraw

withdraw immediately to my chamber. Leonora staid however some time behind to try to pacify him, but his passion ran so high, and his rage was so violent, that she found it a hard matter to slip a word to calm him.

That very moment the prince came to pay him a visit, and finding him, prodigiously ruffled, asked him the reason of his discomposure: "My daughter, replied the old gentleman, has been unhappy enough to displease you, for which I cannot punish her too much, and therefore have just now ordered her away into the country." The prince immediately threw himself at his feet to beg I might be allowed to stay, but my father replied, that his word was too strongly engaged to the princess ever to go from it. The prince assured him I was no ways guilty: "Must parents, said he, interfere in the quarrels of lovers, which have often no other foundation but their delicacy? 'Tis I, sir, that am in fault. Love is never satisfied, and often
" unjust.

“ unjust. But at least give me leave to
“ see your daughter.—You have it, my
“ lord, replied my father.—Well then,
“ continued the prince, I’ll go to my mo-
“ ther, and intreat her to desire you her-
“ self to break off this cruel journey.—
“ Were she even to order it, answered my
“ father, ’twould be all to no purpose.
“ She might think you and I are of a
“ party in it ; and I owe more to my ho-
“ nour than to any consideration what-
“ ever.”

Leonora had withdrawn, when she saw the prince enter my father’s closet, though not so far but she overheard this part of their conversation, after which she came up to my room, where she found me sinking under a dejection of spirits that cannot be expressed. “ O my dear, cried I,
“ my father’s anger distracts me ; but
“ what afflicts me most is, that he is not
“ angry without a cause. Alas ! but a
“ moment ago you was talking of the
“ trials of love : Could I have thought I
“ was destined to be so soon an instance

“ of them ?” Leonora on this repeated to me what the prince had said to my father, but his generosity and virtue served only to add to my guilt and affliction.

The prince that moment entered my room, and finding me drowned in tears ; —though I am ignorant of the cause of those tears, said he, and dare not flatter myself that they are meant for me, yet, madam, you are afflicted, and that is a sufficient motive for me to partake in your sorrow.—My Lord, replied I, abandon a wretched creature that disturbs the tranquility of your family : Do not add your constancy to my load of misfortunes. You have already done too much for me, and ’tis time to think of yourself, and what you owe the princess your mother.—Why will you, madam, answered he, ever take upon you the care of my duty ? It no longer becomes you to affect such a generosity. This last speech offended me.—What, Sir, do you mean by this, said I, and what am I accused of ?—I accuse you of nothing, replied the prince, and you’ll never

never find a persecutor in me. In the piques of lovers, the delicacy of the person in fault is always sufficient revenge to the injured; I ask no other: But at least, Mademoiselle, help us not to lose you. I have not been able to prevail with your father. 'Tis the first time in my life I have seen him angry with me, and I must die with grief, if he continues much longer in the same temper.

Here I was told that one of the princess Flavia's gentlemen wanted to speak with me. He brought me word that her highness had engaged me for a party of hunting the next day. I desired Leonora to go and know my father's pleasure what I must do. His answer was,—To be sure she must obey the princess: Since she has done her the honour to name her for the party, she ought to go.—I therefore sent the gentleman back with my thanks to the princess, and to assure her I would not fail to comply with her orders.

I was now obliged to get my things ready and think of my dress, but indeed

I was very little disposed for joy. One of the inconveniences of a court is, that we must have the sentiments that reign there, or do as if we had them ; so that, often, under an outward appearance of mirth, the inward anguish of the heart is concealed.

I joined the company the next day with a very heavy heart, but dissembled my uneasiness by saying I had had a violent head-ach. Nothing in the world could be more gallant than our hunting match, which was to conclude with an entertainment at a pleasure seat in the country. The ladies made a very fine appearance on horseback. My father, who had neglected nothing that could give an addition of graces to the person, had made me learn to ride, and my dress was blue trimmed with gold. I was liked better than I could have wished, and the princess, who was very obliging, complimented me upon it in the handsomest manner in the world. The first persons my eyes glanced on were the prince and duke, very regularly paying their court to her highness.

highness. My confusion was inexpressible : I was at a loss how to dispose of my looks ; the prince was observing me, and that increased my disorder.

The chace began at last, and the duke contrived means to get near me. When he came up, I expressed so much uneasiness at his sight, that he withdrew very respectfully, saying, I hope, then, madam, you'll take for done, all the services I do not render you.

When the sport was over, the company repaired to a country seat, which was finely illuminated ; and, as soon as they arrived, the ladies withdrew to the apartments prepared for them, in order to refresh themselves, and shift their dresses. Here, pulling out my handkerchief, I found a letter in my pocket, without being able to know how it came there ; and, just as I was reading it, the prince stepped into my chamber. I hid it in a great hurry, but he perceived my confusion, and said to me, I find, madam, I am troublesome, and shall therefore withdraw. The time

was now come for my evil destiny to prevail over my life.

When I had changed cloaths, I was obliged to go down to the company. How difficult a matter it is to put on a pleasant air with a bleeding heart! In the course of the conversation I told the princess I was going down into the country. She asked me upon what account; I replied, my father was willing to spend a few weeks of the spring at his seat, and assured her I should carry with me the most grateful sense of the obligations I lay under to her goodness. She enquired likewise how far the house might be; and upon my telling her that it was but two or three leagues off, she had the complaisance to promise to come down to see me. I received all these marks of distinction as I ought. The duke was present when I mentioned my journey, and seemed to express a concern. But as for the prince, he did not appear the whole evening, which gave me much uneasiness. The company went to cards; there was also a concert

concert in the drawing room, whither I followed the princess, because I found my account better with the music; for there I had nothing to do but feel and be silent. Supper was served up; every thing was in the most magnificent taste; and there was a grand ball after.

The duke made the most brilliant and graceful appearance in the world at this entertainment, and I own I found myself possessed with quite new sentiments, which I perceived very well were those the prince had been so long requiring of me in his behalf, but which till then I had been utterly unacquainted with. Though I was very sorry not to see him, because his absence was a sure sign of his discontent, yet I could not help finding myself more at ease for a moment: My looks and sentiments had a greater liberty of action, and I saw with sorrow, though not without a mixture of joy, the most violent passion written in the duke's eyes. Whenever I happened to be his partner, he was thought to dance better than usual, and the prin-

cess made us repeat together several dances, which she fancied we performed better than the rest.

In short, he was endeavouring to please, and was, perhaps, very sensible that he did so.

After the ball was over, I hurried home to my apartment, whither Leonora, who had been so kind as to keep always with me, also followed. As soon as I saw her, I ordered my maids to retire, and then she began to tell me, how dearly I was like to pay for the moment's pleasure I had had. I gave her an account of all that had passed, but she knew it better than myself, having observed me all the time. I shewed her the letter I had received, and told her how the prince had surprized me reading it, and that no doubt he suspected it came from the duke of Praxede. Indeed, answered she, you are to be pitied, madam; but what can be done for you? We spent part of the night in consulting upon the different methods I could take, but day-light appearing before

fore we could fix on any, we went to our beds unresolved.

The prince called upon Leonora sometimes in the morning: 'Tis perhaps ill-mannerly, madam, said he, to come so early to disturb people that go to bed by day-light. He had, it seems, passed the night on a terrass that lay under my window, and had seen how late we had sat up together; he knew also all that had happened at the ball, having been present in disguise. He expressed a lively and deep concern to Leonora, telling her how he had caught me reading a letter, which, upon sight of him, I had put up with a disorder that betrayed me; and, upon my friend's endeavouring to dissuade him from the notions he had formed of that letter, he answered, I do not seek to accuse her, and should be very sorry to have any cause to do it. Alas! far from it: So great was my good opinion of her sincerity, that she might have attempted any thing upon the strength of my confidence.—What, then, is it you complain of, replied Leo-

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nora, what hath she done more than common civility required? (for, as to the letter affair, she made him believe he was mistaken, and folks in love are easily deceived) I cannot, answered he, ground either my suspicions, or even my discontent, on any thing certain; but a secret foreboding disturbs my heart: My fears are not quieted by her love, and, when she is with the duke, methinks I see in her eyes a something she never hath with me. Leonora was not wanting in her endeavours to calm those apprehensions. He begged her to obtain leave of my father to visit me in the country, and assured her at parting that his suspicions and uneasinesses on my account should never reach him, and that he would owe nothing to paternal authority, nor accept of my hand if my heart did not tender it.

The prince having obtained the liberty he desired, I sat out without daring to take leave of my father, and under his displeasure I found myself more easy in the country. Our seat was a noble building,

ing, though not in the modern taste : There was a large park, fine woods, and pleasant water. Nature seemed every where at liberty, without being forced by art. I was in hopes that the calm tranquillity that reigned in this place might diffuse itself into my soul : But, alas ! the passions delight in silence, they increase and strengthen by solitude. I found myself with dispositions till then unknown, and in a disorder and agitation, which nevertheless had a secret charm.

Leonora often intruded upon my solitary moments to rouse me out of my reveries, and obligingly reproach me with shunning her. Then, said I, I must also shun myself, for you are my sole comfort. But the truth is, that all my time is not sufficient to bestow on what I feel of late.— Your reflections, answered she, might be better employed on the misfortunes love has in store for you. I know my advices will be in vain against a growing passion, but, though useless, I still owe them to you : Consider, madam, continued she, that

that you are wanting to every thing that is most sacred, to yourself, to your father, and what is still more, to the most lovely prince in the world, and to the truest and best proved passion that ever was ; and for whom ? For one you do not know, and who will most assuredly render your life miserable. You must not fancy that all passions carry their excuses with them.— Here we were interrupted and parted. I was very sensible she was in the right, but her reason and mine were both too weak to help me. She was threatening me with misfortunes, and troubling my life, without effectually arming me against my evil destiny.

I do not know by what enchantment every thing about me served the duke. I cannot tell whether he had bribed any of my people, but I met with marks of his passion in every place. Once I found a letter on my toilet ; at other times verses would be offered to my view in the woods and most bye places, whither I liked to retire. Here is the letter I have spoken

spoken of. At first I made a scruple of unfolding it; and, had it been possible, would have sent it back, whence it came, unopened: But we can hardly deny ourselves a pleasure that presents itself, and the receiving of which is to be unknown. I therefore opened it, and read these words.

“ I tremble, mademoiselle, to appear
“ before you, and am under a dread of
“ your displeasure; yet what makes my
“ crime, ought to be my excuse.—I can-
“ not forbear telling you that you have
“ taught me to love, without knowing
“ yourself those tender sentiments you
“ have taught me. Though, were you
“ to judge of yourself only by the passion
“ you have inspired in me, you could not
“ be ignorant that you are the most ado-
“ rable creature in the world. But by
“ the infinite sense I have of your worth,
“ methinks I am still placing you at a
“ greater distance from me. I have a
“ love and respect which you only can
“ inspire, and which no one but myself
“ is capable of feeling.”

The

The next day, as I was going to sit down by a large canal in a grove, I found this other letter on a seat of green turf, on which I used to rest myself.

“ You need not be under any fear on
“ my account, mademoiselle. The sentiments you have raised in me have all
“ the warmth of passion, with the innocence of virtue. I dare glory in the
“ avowing them, and will believe I have
“ no other merit but what is derived from
“ them. Let the disinterestedness of my
“ affection plead in its behalf; since there
“ can be no greater proof of love, than
“ to be more eager to love than to be
“ loved again. For my part, I am rewarded for my passion by what I feel,
“ and am pleased with the expectation of
“ happier days: Judge, then, madam,
“ if I can ever fail of honouring and respecting you.”

Another day this third billet was offered to my view in a closet, whither I used to retire.

“ I

“ I pass the days and nights under your
“ walls, and, though I cannot live from
“ the place that holds my bliss, I know
“ not how to approach ; all the ways that
“ lead to my charmer appear full of diffi-
“ culties. But even this becomes an
“ advantage, since finding you, at last,
“ must claim some merit.—I cannot re-
“ turn to court ; I have not power to
“ discharge my duty there :—And think,
“ wherever you are not, I am obliged to
“ no duty but that of regretting your ab-
“ sence. Much less can I seek for plea-
“ sures. Can any be found without you ?
“ I find at least there’s none for me in the
“ world but where you are. In you alone,
“ love has centered all my hopes, my
“ wishes, and my pleasures.—Will you
“ not then, through pity, relieve what I
“ suffer through love.”

Thus every thing spoke in his behalf,
and was ever reminding me of what I
could not forget. I believed easily the
agreeable truths that closed with my de-
sires. He was by degrees using me to
hear

hear him talk of his passion, and insensibly gaining upon my delicacy and bashfulness, whilst I allowed and forgave my loving him.

A few days after my arrival in the country, the countess Emilia came to see me. She was a friend of the family's, and had always expressed a high friendship for me. She brought with her a very amiable daughter, who, after the first acquaintance, observing that I was alone, and might be glad of company, offered very kindly to stay behind with me, if I would but ask her mamma leave. At any other time I should have been very glad of such an offer, but I was now so melancholy, and so much taken up with my passion, that, though sometimes I endeavoured to divert my thoughts, I still fell into my old way, and my tendernefs made me believe that I owed myself wholly and entirely to my sensations of love, and that to deviate from them was no better than an infidelity. However, I could not well decline asking her of her mother, and therefore

therefore made the proposal, which she readily came into.

I diverted my new companion as well as I could. We soon contracted a familiarity with one another, and yet she was not open with me, but seemed rather pensive and taken up with something at heart. I did not choose to let her know I perceived it, for fear of giving her uneasiness, nor press to be let into her secrets, because I was glad her reservedness towards me gave me a right of behaving in the same manner to her. She would often be alone, which pleased me much, as I had thereby the liberty and opportunity of being so too.

Going one day into her apartment, I was greatly surprized to find the duke with her, and I believe they both perceived the disorder his presence threw me into. At first I had a great mind to resent it, but contained myself upon reflection, that, not being acquainted with the secret of my heart, she could mean no harm in introducing the duke. I could not hinder her
from

from seeing her friends at my house, and the duke, knowing nothing of what I had suffered upon his account, could have no notion of disobliging me by a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. These reasons calmed my resentment.—I made but a short stay with them, and ran immediately after to Leonora. I told her I had just seen the duke in my friend's apartment, and what concern it gave me, lest my father and the prince should think I had an hand in it, begging her to tell me what I had best do. She knew me too well to suspect any artifice in my conduct. My fears answered for me; and she knew I could feel, but that was all. She therefore told me she would wait on my father with an account of the whole of the matter, and would take his orders how to act, but that she was pretty sure he would suspect nothing further.

It fell out accordingly. He was persuaded that it was a mere chance accident, and, that as it was not possible to turn out of doors a young lady of my friend's quality

quality, so was it likewise impossible to prevent her receiving what visits she pleased in her apartment; but he desired her never to be one moment from me. They agreed also that he should now and then take a trip down to us, to conceal from the world the knowledge of my disgrace with him, and prevent people's talk about it to my disadvantage.

Leonora's return made me easy as to my father, but I was certain all our precautions would avail nothing with the prince, and that he would not hearken to reason like the old gentleman. Going into my room, I found a letter laid upon a couch, and indeed few days passed without my receiving some, one way or another. I opened it, and read these words.

“ I appear no more at court, made-
“ moiselle, out of regard for my love.

“ I cannot help thinking my passion is le-

“ gible in my eyes, and by looking at

“ me I fancy every body can discover

“ that you are the person I adore.—What!

“ must I make a secret of loving you?

“ The

“ The only merit I would boast of is a
“ high sense of your value, and a respect
“ equal to your worth.—My sentiments,
“ madam, want only to be felt, and I,
“ words to express them.”

Ever after I avoided going into my friend's apartment, but she was fonder of my company than ever. You shun me, said she one day, you have found out the duke's inclination to you, and fancy me deep in some plot against you ; but do me the justice to believe, that, though he is very much my friend, I am incapable of acting any part unworthy of you, or myself.—But, said I, where did you get acquainted with this man, for I am sure I have never seen him at your house ?—I have known him a long while, replied she, and the reason of your not seeing him was, because he was at the army at the time you visited us. I became acquainted with him at the marchioness * * *, and shall one day or another tell you the history of our friendship ; but at present give me leave to inform you, that he feels the strongest

strongest passion for you. What part therefore will you have me act? Will you not take it amiss if I receive his professions to deliver them to you? Tell me how I can serve you. If this doth not please you, and his love is offensive, I'll have nothing more to say to him. My friend was much too hard for me. She wanted to know the dispositions of my soul, and people in love are apt to be communicative, for these two sentiments always go hand in hand. Besides, she was a fitter person to make a confidant of than Leonora, our ages agreeing better with one another. I therefore unbosomed my soul, and told her my secret upon oath not to mention a word of it to the duke, which she promised, and I am willing to believe she has kept her word with me. I informed her without reserve of all I have related to you: My story surprized and affected her much, and she gave me new assurances of doing nothing but what I should think fit.

The

The next day we took a walk at a small distance from our seat. 'Twas a very fine place. Whilst we were abroad, prince Camillus came to pay us a visit, but was told I was gone out. He thought, I suppose, that in the country one was always to be met with at home, and could not conceive, that having so large and fine a park, we should go to seek a walk abroad. Yet, had he thought proper, he might have been satisfied of the truth. If he had but asked the servants they could have told him where I was. But, without making the least inquiry, he went away in a passion, and the next day sent me the following letter.

“ Love led me yesterday to your solitude, mademoiselle, but even Cupid
“ himself met with a disappointment. I
“ found nothing but a melancholy solitude, every thing that could please was
“ fled with you. However, do not fear
“ that my complaints shall ever more
“ come to disturb your pleasures. No;
“ I value them as yours: Though I cannot
“ not

“ not taste any, where you are absent, may
“ you still partake of a great deal where
“ I am far off; proofs of love become
“ offensive when we are not in a disposi-
“ tion to make them a return.”

That very evening we took a walk by ourselves; my friend made me vast protestations of friendship, and spoke with great sensibility of all I had mentioned to her. Our conversation was long and tender, but at last it grew late, and we were obliged to return homewards.

As we were walking back to the castle, I heard a noise near me, and was mightily surprized to find myself stopped by somebody that lay at my feet. I gave a shriek, upon which a voice, which I soon knew for the duke's, said,—Do not be frightened, madam, I am no enemy.—Yes, sir, answered I, you must be one, cruelly thus to expose me.—You'll not be exposed, replied he; no body can know I am here, and your reputation is dearer to me than my passion: But what can I do with the mighty store of love you have inspired me with?—

with?—I now turned to my friend, and asked whether she had a hand in this piece of treachery.—No, madam, answered he for her, she has no manner of share in what I do, and 'tis from the innocence and purity of my sentiments alone I have borrowed this presumption. He then threw himself again at my feet, and said the most passionate things in the world. I would have got from him and called my friend, but could not stir, something invisible, unknown, too prevailing, seized my soul, and my legs refused to perform their office. Fortunately I had not power to speak, and therefore only answered him with my heart, but my eyes would easily have betrayed their meaning, could he have seen them. In short, he persuaded me of his passion. Heavens! what did he not say, and how did it not affect me? But, at last, my friend informing us that day-light was approaching, and that we must part, he asked leave to return again the next day. I had not power to deny him, and withdrew in a disorder and agitation that cannot be expressed.

I passed

I passed the remainder of the night awake, and was never taken up with such a variety of sentiments: For joy, grief, hopes, fear, and remorse, took their turns, and raised such a storm in my breast, that day appeared before sleep could approach my eyelids.

I went very early to my friend's apartment, and, finding her pensive and sorrowful, enquired into the reason. I shall be loth to tell it you, answered she, but yet I cannot betray the confidence you repose in me, and should think myself wanting in my obligations to you, if I did not acquaint you with the duke's engagements. What! cried I, has he then placed his affections elsewhere? Perhaps that's all over, replied she; you are capable of effacing the deepest impressions; but, however, hear me out if you can: I am going to reveal to you his secret, and my own.—Sure, said I, 'tis not you that he is in love with?—No, madam, replied she hastily, compose yourself and hear me; for you must know the bot-

tom, in order to take the course that can fit you best.—

I have known the duke some time. He was somewhat forward in courting an acquaintance with me, and got one of my relations to introduce him. I was astonished that a man of his youth, and so taken up with gay pleasures, should come to seek a person much retired, and who thought more of leading a rational life, than one diversified with mirth and gaiety. I enquired therefore into his views, and self-love made me believe, that, not being a bad match as to fortune, they might relate to me. But I was not long in that error. You know there's a friendship being 'tween madam L * * * and me. She is very amiable. I suspected his assiduity at our house might be meant for her, and accordingly, by often talking to him about her, and telling him all the handsome things I could think of her, I was soon convinced that his fondness was all intended for that friend. The discovery nettled me a little; I avoided some time
enquiring

enquiring why, and my heart would fain have spared me an insight into my weakness; but, as I feared its surprizes, I was not deceived, and thought I must apply the necessary remedies.

At first I made a resolution never to see him more. Alas! it would have proved more for my satisfaction, had I followed this, than the conduct I afterwards imposed upon myself.

Indeed, fancying I could do still better, I set about wresting his secret from him, and was even at the advance of the whole expence of the confidence, by telling him the misfortune I had had to lose the Marquis * * *, with whom my family had entered into some engagements relating to a match between us; how sensibly I had been affected with the breaking off of the intended alliance; with what regret I forbid him my doors, when decency and the commands of my relations would no longer allow of his visits; how much this conduct increased my passion; and how I found by experience,

that severity serves love, and strengthens the impression. I made him this confidence, with a view of placing an eternal obstacle between him and my own heart. I likewise gave by this a pretence and excuse to my sorrow, and ascribed to another, the effects of my passion for him.

This confidence displeased him ; whether it was contrary to his designs, or that his vanity had been flattered with the belief that my heart inclined to him ; but yet I thought I perceived he had some secret views, and would have it in his power to attempt me when he should think fit.—

'Tis pretty much the way of the men to have some object in reserve, after letting their imaginations rove, and losing their taste for their present pleasures.

My confidence had quite a contrary effect to what I imagined, for he became eager and fond. He was inconsolable, as he said, at my having such sentiments for another ; and when I told him, that it took nothing from him, he thought me guilty of want of delicacy in not understanding

standing there were passions of esteem infinitely above those of the senses. The truth was, I wanted no other from him, but the difficulty lay in convincing me that his was of that kind. Whatever he could say, I did not believe him the more for it, and there were even some moments when I esteemed him the less on that account. He continued always in the same strain, and, had I been willing to flatter my self-love, I might have believed that I had inspired him with a very sublime passion. But this did not satisfy me; I wanted to come to some conclusion, and fix my situation by his.

Many ways offered to that end. I was mistress of his secret. He had intrusted me with his repose, had desired me to direct him; and I could, without treachery, act a part consistent with my interest, by refusing to serve him in his amour. Another would have taken the opportunity to be revenged of the preference given to a rival, and nothing was easier than this, for my friend was timorous; she was afraid

of the world and her family; she feared the duke himself, and I had nothing to do but to indulge her in her own way.

A more worthy conduct, however, presented itself at the same time. I kept off all the low resentments we women are susceptible of. I examined his case and my own, and did not find him guilty in feeling for another, what I could have wished he had felt for me. I thought 'twas my business to punish myself for a misplaced affection, by turning it to his advantage, and that my affection ought to be pure and powerful enough to be assisting in making him more happy in another. I laid aside all my tenderness, and forgot my own interest, in order to impose upon myself the most difficult conduct in the world, which, however, I have hitherto been able to keep up to. I fancied, that if he could be touched by an honourable behaviour, I should thereby make a worthy friend of him; and that, however, if it was all lost upon him, it would not be so for me. In short, my deluded imagination

tion has served him so well, that it has been able to persuade me, that nothing would be more worthy of me than to conquer myself.

I therefore set about advancing his interest with my friend, as if on their happiness the whole of mine had depended. I spoke to my lady L * * * of the great passion he had for her. I painted it in the strongest colours, and drew a picture, sketched by truth, but ornamented by love. My friend was somewhat prepossessed against him, but I found means to combat her prejudices. I calmed her fears; I answered for him; I took all upon myself; I touched her heart; I moved her inclination to tenderness, and relieved her modesty. In short, when he came to see her, he had nothing to do, but to finish what I had so well begun. He found the impression ready made to his hands.

There were, indeed, some moments when I could not help thinking the part I acted very much out of character. " I

“ am wanting to every thing, said I ; I
“ act against my own principles ; I forget
“ the regard I owe myself, and know no
“ other duty, but that of expressing my
“ attachment to him. What a scene is
“ this for indifferent people to see ?”—

Yet when I consulted my heart and affection, I thought there could be nothing greater than to give him up to another. I judged of the merit of my conduct by what it cost me. Thus, without regard to myself, without the least tender concern for my own situation, I have admitted no thought, but that of effecting his happiness.

There was a time when I hoped to enjoy the sad comfort of seeing him no more : He seemed to have taken some disgust, and I advised him to break off with my friend and me. That was less cruel, in my opinion, than the laborious task I had taken upon me. Indeed I suspected he was at this time in love with madam C * * *, but he would not own it.

In

In the mean while I was attentive to every thing that happened. I watched all his steps and motions, and was ready to magnify every fault he committed, through the desire I had of finding him guilty; and indeed I was not in humour to invent excuses for him.

But, at last, after an eclaircissement, he was reconciled, and became fonder than ever of my friend. I now found how cutting it was to know the object of our affections attached to something perfect; yet, far from allowing my interest to encroach on the justice I owed my friend, my delicacy, and fear of being wanting to her, increased her merit with me. Ever since they admitted me into their confidence, I cannot reproach myself with having once thought of what would have been for my own advantage. All my advice has been sincere, and has served their interests against my own heart; so that the greatest passion that ever was, has all along been subservient to friendship. I have thought only of conquering my inclina-

H 5

tions,

tions, and punishing myself for a passion, which, it was not in my power to suppress, since the heart involuntarily yields to impressions.

On a time, the duke would fain have persuaded me he had changed his mind, and was always telling me things very much to my friend's disadvantage. This lost him my esteem. He redoubled his complaisance to me : When she was present, he would seem fonder of me, than of her : He offered me a preference which might have flattered my vanity. He followed me in all places ; he grew jealous of every thing that came near me, and his jealousy was real, for he would have been very unwilling to lose me. But he conducted a passion and a design alike ; a person less upon her guard might have mistaken the one for the other, but my mind could see all his faults, though my heart was not yet sensible of them.—

If I had not spoke, during this long narrative, it was because I really had not
power

power to do it; and my friend, quite intent upon her story, had not taken notice of the condition I was in all the while. But now, unable to bear any longer, I gave a shriek, and cried out,—'Tis enough. Oh! tell me no more;—and with that, the violent constraint I had put upon myself having quite exhausted my spirits, I sunk down in a swoon, and was a long while in the arms of my women without recovering from my fit; but, to my misfortune, they recalled me at last to life.

Scarce had I opened my eyes, and begun to recover my spirits, but a great noise and bustle was heard about the house, and some of my maids left me to run and see what it might be. But as they did not return, and the loud cries continued, I leant upon the arm of one of them, and staggered towards the place from whence they proceeded. Just as I got to the hall, I saw four men bringing in another bathed in his blood, whom, as he turned his head towards me, I knew to be the prince. This sight almost rivetted me to the ground;

ground; but, making an effort, I moved forwards to follow the mournful spectacle. They laid him on a couch in the parlour, and I made signs to the servants to run for help, for I could scarce speak. The prince, seeing me, turned his expiring eyes towards me, and said,—I have not been able to touch your heart, madam, nor convince you of my love: I shall, however, die contented, if in my last moments I can persuade you, that no one ever loved you so truly as I have, though a more happy man puts me in the condition I am now in.—At this instant the eyes of all present, who were not a few, flashed upon me with indignation, but I was yet more hateful to myself than to them; and Leonora, who came running at the noise, seeing my condition, dragged me away from this dismal sight.

I was led up to my chamber. I begged of her, however, to go and take care of the prince, and to send away with all expedition for the ablest surgeons that could be got. They had already taken care of
that,

that, and as we were not at a great distance from town, they were not long in coming. They examined his wounds, and found them mortal. I sent every moment to know his condition, but could see very well by the looks of my women, who gave me no answer, that there was no hopes of him.

My friend came in at last, and, by the grief she expressed, I guessed the prince's condition.—'Tis the duke, said she to me, that has fought him.—Can you, answered I, be the bearer of such cruel news?—Why, replied she, you must be informed of what is become a public talk, that you may be able to regulate yourself accordingly.—Though she was in the right, I could not help thinking her cruel to talk so; but grief is often unjust. I begged her to return to the prince's assistance, and not to leave him.

I then withdrew to my closet, with one of my women, in whom I confided most, and, throwing myself on a couch, said, " I have nothing more to do in this world,
" and

“ and yet am not allowed to bring death
“ to my relief ! What a cruelty to be
“ obliged to support life under such cir-
“ cumstances !—But, come ; I have al-
“ ways depended upon your attachment
“ to me ; follow me. I can no longer
“ endure the sight of human kind.—
“ Whither, madam, must we go, replied
“ she.—No matter where, answered I,
“ provided I avoid the eyes of all my ac-
“ quaintance.” The girl endeavoured
to oppose my design, but to no purpose.
I opened a door on the back stairs that
led to the garden, and was going out,
when she stopped me, by telling me how
improper it would be to go away with the
cloaths I had on, and all my jewels about
me, desiring me to stay at least till she had
dressed me in one of her plainest suits. I
was persuaded, and bid her make haste,
not being able to tarry a moment longer
in this fatal house. “ But, will you not
“ wait the utmost of the prince’s fate, re-
“ sumed she again, and must not that,
“ madam, regulate your destiny ?—Alas,
“ answered

“ answered I, dost thou not hear the dismal shrieks of the whole family, too expressive of his not having one moment longer to live.”

Saying these words, I flew down stairs. We passed the garden without meeting any body, and got out by a back door that opened into a large wood. The day was beginning to close : I walked some time without uttering a word : Shame and fear sunk all my spirits. At last, quite spent and overcome, I fell to the ground, and leaned my head on the lap of the woman that attended me. The poor creature was inconsolable to see me in that condition. She spoke, but I neither answered, nor hearkened to her. The night grew dark and dismal. Overpowered by grief and weariness, I fell asleep as I lay, for nature will take care of herself, and will lose nothing of her dues.

I opened my eyes just as the day began to break, and my misfortunes glaring afresh with the light, I was filled with horror when I saw them distinctly. I recalled

called them all to my mind. “ I lose an
“ accomplished prince, said I ; I have not
“ loved him, when his passion, meeting
“ with a return from mine, might have
“ made us happy, and I adore him now I
“ am on the point of losing him ! Merciless
“ love means to revenge him, and
“ make me the object of its most cruel
“ persecutions.—And by what hand do I
“ lose him ? By the hand of a perfidious
“ man, who, perhaps, has never loved me.
“ I have been the victim of his vanity.
“ My life, my reputation, all is to be enveloped
“ in the odium of guilt. I shall
“ be confounded with those of my sex,
“ who have forsaken glory and forfeited
“ their honour. What a heart-breaking
“ story for a father, whose delight and
“ darling I once was ? But in what condition
“ must the prince’s mother be, she
“ who lived but for him ? Must it be my
“ fate to involve so many people in my
“ misfortunes ? Why do I fly ? ’Twould
“ be too happy for me to be sacrificed to
“ their just resentment.”—And, indeed,
in

in some moments, I was for going back to offer myself to their fury, but then again, shame getting the better of my desperate resolution, I could think of nothing but hiding myself from their eyes, and seeking some forlorn cave where I might spend the remainder of my days.—“ But after
 “ all, said I again to myself, what is my
 “ crime, good God ! thou knowest the
 “ bottom of all hearts. An involuntary
 “ passion hath entered my soul. I have
 “ rejected and opposed its gratification.
 “ I have never transgressed my duty nor
 “ modesty. What then am I punished for ?”

The young woman that bore me company, was all this while melting into tears.

“ Alas, madam, said she, what resolution
 “ are you taking ? So fair and so young,
 “ what are you not going to expose your-
 “ self to ?—Perhaps, replied I, I shall
 “ meet with some friendly villain who will
 “ deprive me of a life, which the Deity
 “ orders me to retain as a punishment.
 “ No, answered she, you can find no ene-
 “ mies amongst men : But if you’ll be
 “ ruled

“ ruled by me, I have a sister settled in
“ a small town not far off: I’ll conduct
“ you to her; you’ll not be known, and
“ will be less disagreeable there, than
“ thus wandering about from place to
“ place.”

I took her advice; we set out, and in a little time arrived at the place, whither she designed to carry me. Her sister received us very kindly; I went for her friend, as it had been agreed between us; I found them busy in marrying one of their children. But, on the wedding-day, as I did not chuse to be seen by the company, I went out early in the morning, with my companion, under pretence of taking an airing, and, walking by the edge of a little hill, I saw a wood. I took a fancy to go into it, and perceiving a hutt, which my friend told me was an hermitage, I went up to it, and found it open. A shepherd, that was tending his flock near the place, informed us, that the hermit, who used to inhabit it, was thought to be lately dead in going his rounds

rounds about the country. Upon this information, I stepped in, and, finding it convenient for my purpose, cried out immediately to my maid, "This is a dwelling kind fortune offers me; here I am determined to spend the remainder of my sorrowful days." I have accordingly put my project in execution, and, to this day, ladies, no body but you have been here to interrupt my solitude and grief.

A LET-



A L E T T E R

FROM THE MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT,

TO MADAM DE ST. HYACINTHE ;

With the manuscript ON THE EDUCATION OF A
YOUNG LADY, addressed to the Superintendant of
the convent of St. Magdalen.

PERSON like you, madam, can
A never ask a thing twice. 'Tis
enough to know you desire it.
We are paid beforehand, and with large
interest, by the pleasure of granting it
you. For my part I know none greater,
unless it be that of preventing your com-
mands. What you require is so trifling
a thing, that I thought once hearing
it read, which you was pleased to bear
with, might well suffice you. However,
I send it you. It is a trifle which I wrote
for lady Beuvron, whilst a child in the
convent

convent of St. Magdalen at Trefnel. 'Tis a grandmother making use of her rights over her grandchild. I doubt not, but, by exercising yours over the young lady, your daughter, she will answer them so well, that she will make herself worthy of you. I cannot form a better wish for her, nor one more expressive of what she thinks of you,

Who is,

Madam, &c.

RULES



RULES FOR

THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNG LADY,

In a LETTER to the Superintendant of the monastery
of St. Magdalen at Trefnel.

MADAM,

I AM desired, by our friend, to venture some instructions for the education of a grand-daughter ; but 'tis from you I would chuse to receive them. No body, madam, has a more extensive knowledge, a firmer reason, or a more solid piety, than yourself. But, however, it seems a grandmother is thought to have some right to give her advices on the subject. We must, therefore, be allowed to make use of this privilege of our age, which has excluded us from so many others.

We cannot, methinks, have an eye too soon to the education of the little creature. Every age of life requires a particular

cular attention; but 'tis in these first years especially that the mind receives impressions which are never after effaced, and that the ideas of good and evil take their places in the imagination. It is therefore of infinite importance not to disturb their natural order, and to take care to assign to the first thoughts, the rank they are to occupy. Consequently she must be inspired betimes with an awful idea of God and religion: These sublime topics ought to be mentioned to her in a moving and affecting manner; for 'tis only by touching the heart that we can influence and work upon the mind. Too happy, if in the sequel of her life, her sentiments have only the Deity for their object!

That education may have a proper effect, the person intrusted therewith must command respect, and give a great idea of herself. We ought not to be too familiar with children. 'Tis proper to keep up a gravity, and carry something of a severe hand over them. We must likewise be upon our guard against their childish

childish endearments, which they know how to manage with great advantage to extort what they want of us. These budding charms conceal a number of defects, and we must not suffer ourselves to be seduced by them.

The greatest enemy our sex has to struggle with, is self-love or vanity. We cannot too soon labour to weaken it, and great caution ought to be used not to confirm it by praises; for this is one of the great dangers of education. By this we swell the idea the little things have of themselves, we arm their pride, and set them above their equals; they grow vain, difficult to be corrected, apt to take offence, and all this forms a very unamiable character. We must also beware of letting them see how dear they are to us, and what an interest we take in them. This brings them to fancy we must always be doating on them, and consequently strengthens their vanity. Do but let them alone; whatever application you may use to destroy this principle,

principle, it will still maintain its ground against you. With modest and bashful children, indeed, praises might be used to give them courage; but our little one is full of vivacity, and doth not want this assurance, but rather to be checked and held back. Not, again, that I am for intirely banishing praises; they are a help to education and virtuous dispositions: But we must know how to place them properly, and not bestow them as seduced by our affection, or the childrens charms, but with reflexion. Besides, they must never be commended on account of external beauties, (for they may hence deceive themselves so far, as to think that they supply the place of every thing) but for their good actions only.

They must be inspired with a great love for truth, and to practise it even at their own cost. We must instil into them the opinion, that nothing is so great as to say ingenuously—I am in the wrong—and beware of punishing them for the faults they confess.

Again, children must be made to have a great opinion of honour, and taught to look upon disgrace as a thing above all others to be dreaded. We often amuse them with frivolous tales, that awaken all the timorous passions; 'twould be much properer to keep up their apprehension for dishonour, that they might look upon esteem as the first of benefits, and on contempt as the greatest of evils. When once you have worked them up to a sense of esteem, and of the shame attending faults, you have gained a great point in their education. Shame will then serve for a punishment, and esteem supply the place of rewards.

It is of infinite importance to persuade them thoroughly, that happiness is attached only to laudable actions; and we ought to grant them their requests, not as recompenses, but as the necessary consequences of their good deeds. They bring themselves thereby to fancy, that what they ask is bestowed on, and belongs to worthy actions only.

If

If the little presents you make them consist of eatables, you increase in them the love of pleasure, which is only to be barely suffered ; if they are for drels, you strengthen the notion they have of trifles, which they must be taught to despise. Children take a pride in being treated like reasonable folks. This kind of pride must be kept up, and made use of as means to lead them whither we please. Reproof must be administered with caution, and they be made to believe, that they have rather been guilty of forgetfulness, than failing.

'Tis necessary to break the wilfulness of children, to render them pliant and supple, to make them bend to the authority of reason, and teach them not to give way to their desires. They have sometimes tears of obstinacy, and, not being able to compass their will, they endeavour, by their whinings, to maintain the right they fancy they have to do what they please. We must beware yielding to these fits of obstinacy. Distinguish like-

wife their natural wants from mere whims of fancy, and allow them to ask for nothing but real necessities. What gives strength to our desires is, the liberty we are indulged of expressing them; and whoever allows himself to change his wishes into requests, is not far from fancying that people are obliged to grant him every thing he desires. Besides, we can more easily bear a denial from ourselves, than from other people. The person who is with young miss has a great deal of merit, and ought to supply the place of reason with her. When we are not accustomed in our childhood to submit our wills to the reason of others, we shall find it very difficult to listen to, and follow the dictates of our own, in a more advanced age.

Children's minds must be armed with courage; for a firmness, which consists in a settled insensibility of soul, is the best shield we can oppose to evils. 'Tis the support of virtue, and a rampart against the approaches of vice. Sensibility of
soul

soul doth but lengthen out and eternize misfortunes, and without courage it is next to impossible to remain firm in our duty. Nothing is more useful also, than to make them susceptible of friendship and gratitude. 'Tis the heart that must be wrought upon; we have no sure and lasting virtues but by its means. 'Tis well also to accustom them to a just mind and an upright heart. Inspire them with liberality, and a notion of dividing what they have with others. They must be persuaded that the giver is the best off, since he hath for his share the glory and pleasure of obliging.

Children often delight in mimicking others, and, when they do it with a grace, we are apt to be diverted with them. But this is a dangerous talent. We do not seek to imitate what is good; that would not raise a laugh: 'Tis the ludicrous we try to hit. Do not let them fancy any agreeableness in apery. Nothing is easier than to divert, at other people's cost, whilst we are helped and encouraged

by the malignity of the hearers. It ever requires much more wit to please with good nature, than with malice.

Besides these general rules for all children, there are some peculiar to each temper, which 'tis an easy matter to find out with the least application. Little miss, for instance, is tractable and endearing. This is a qualification useful to those that possess it, but dangerous for others. It imposes on superficial people; and who is not so? Do we take the trouble to dive into the bottom of characters? No; we yield to outward appearances, which hide many defects. Those who perceive how it serves their turn, are all talk and out-side in the common course of life, and depart from the virtues of society and affection. Such only as do not deal in bare appearances, pay us with realities, and are under a necessity of being true and solid, which others wholly depart from.

I am afraid also that the little thing is inclined to vanity and giddiness. They are foes to modesty; and what can be done

done with a woman that wants modesty ? Timidity, or bashfulness, ought to be the characteristic of women, for it secures their virtue ; and bashfulness and modesty are twin-sisters, and are so near alike, that they are often taken the one for the other. I think it high time now to set about correcting her. She gets forward in years, and these little imperfections, which may seem nothing to those who love her, are nevertheless the seeds of vices. You know better than I, madam, how a philosopher, meeting with a child, reproved him for some fault, and that, upon the lad's telling him he chid him for a mere trifle, he replied,—No habitual defect can be a trifle.

I am sensible, madam, that what I here offer is very imperfect ; but I was willing to leave you the pleasure of improving it with your own thoughts, and the right of correcting mine.



REFLEXIONS ON

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REPUTATION AND ESTEEM.

HE esteem we are in, is owing to the effect, which our personal qualities have on others. If these are great and exalted, they create admiration; and, if amiable and endearing, they give birth to friendship. We enjoy esteem much better than we do reputation; the one lies nearer us, the other more out of reach; the latter, though greater, affects less sensibly, and seldom changes into a real happiness. We acquire the love of those that are near and know us, and reputation from such as are not personally acquainted with us. Merit secures us the regard of the honest part of mankind, and good fortune that of the public. Esteem is the produce of the merit of a whole life, but reputation is often bestowed

bestowed on a chance action, and is more dependant on fortune. To know how to make advantage of opportunities, an action of high merit, a victory, or the like, all these lie at the mercy of fame: She puts up with shew, but, whilst she spreads and celebrates such actions, she removes them to a distance from us. That esteem, which is attached to personal qualities, is less extensive; but, as it acts upon what is within our reach, its enjoyment is better felt, and oftner repeated. It is more confined to one's morals than reputation, which is often owing to fashionable vices, properly placed and well managed, or sometimes even to successful and illustrious crimes. Esteem affords less, because it is attached to less brilliant qualities; but, on the other hand, reputation wears away, and wants to be renewed. Actions of high spirit excite more envy than admiration; for men are apt to be offended at what sinks their own merit; and therefore admiration is a state of violence for most people, and wishes

nothing more than to be at an end. That which gives us the greatest credit, is the love of our fellow creatures and can therefore be acquired only by the qualities of the heart. Because this turns to people's advantage, they are willing to allow us some merit in it, though that not as merit in itself, but as a thing useful to them. Without such an expedient, we should need a vast share of real merit to make them forgive us our superiority.

POLITENESS is an engaging qualification, which contributes the most of all things to esteem. This is a mere attention to the vanity of others, and highly conducive to establishing peace amongst men. It banishes from society that I am Me, so offensive to others. A polite person never finds time to talk of himself, and thinks only of setting off his acquaintance.

MODESTY secures the merit and the esteem the world allows us. It silences envy; and people do not repent giving their suffrages in our favour, when they find

find they are not likely to turn against themselves. What is most prejudicial to esteem, is the requiring it too much in particulars, because we are every moment making it too plainly perceived by those about us.

There is, besides, a certain conduct to be observed to preserve esteem. *Gratian* says,—Make yourself known, but be not understood: Do not lead men's comprehension to the full extent of your merit, for what is known, is less able to impose on the world.—The same author says again,—If your merit is superior to your reputation, shew yourself, and make your value known; but, if your worth falls short of your reputation, conceal yourself, and make the most of people's error: And contrive always to stand fair in their imagination.—The *Cardinal de Retz* observes, that he was convinced on a certain occasion, that he could still occupy, for a long time, a great, though unmerited place in the imagination of the vulgar, and might undertake any thing upon the
strength

strength of their illusions. Ridicule falls upon esteem, because it aims at all the personal qualifications. It pardons vices, because they lie in common. Men agree to let them pass unnoticed, because they have an interest to spare them. Every age has its predominant vice, and some one, called a man of taste, who sets up for a teacher of the times, fixes ridicule, and gives credit to the vices of the society. Love and ambition may hope for favour; but personal merit often incurs malignity.

PERSONAL ESTEEM affords more satisfaction, than birth, riches, and even preferments without merit. Nothing is more pitiful, in the main, than a great man without virtue, who is loaded with honours and titles, and is every moment made sensible, that respect is paid only to his dignity, whilst none is due to his person. Luckily for such a man, self-conceit, the greatest of all flatterers, is apt to prevent his seeing his own insufficiency.

Some

Some sorts of merit there are which promote emulation, as not being above imitation; but, on the other hand, envy is ever ready to cry up a middling worth, in order to sink some other great merit. Prince *Eugene* has made numbers of this sort of great generals in Spain. Envy is sometimes of service, and illustrates one even more than is due to our real qualities. There are also some superior merits, which ill-nature lets pass without notice. Such was the late *Marshal de Turenne's*. Merit always at hand grows troublesome, but reputation gathers at a distance. 'Tis a difficult matter to acquire great wealth without some expence of reputation, unless we have previously made provision of a good stock of merit, honours, and dignities, and riches flow in of their own accord, and as inseparable from great preferments. But in such cases we no more envy a great man's wealth, than the gold we see in the temples of the gods.

Nothing is so happy as a man that enjoys a deservedly acquired esteem, attached

to

to his person, and not to the rank he holds. 'Tis a pleasure he is made sensible of every moment, and by all that approach him. What is to others mere compliments, void of realities, and wherein truth has no share, becomes to him real marks of the public esteem. All those regards, those empty nothings, are thereby made valuable. His happiness doubles by the inward complacency he feels, and his other pleasures even smile with additional charms.

PUBLIC FAVOUR always either secures or destroys reputation. It shews us to a full light; and we have need of a vast fund of merit to support our character in a place, to which there are so many aspirers, and from which it is so much their interest to pull us down, and in which, in short, nothing is forgiven us.

Those who bring with them into places no other merit or qualifications, but that of a strong desire after them, do not maintain themselves long in them.

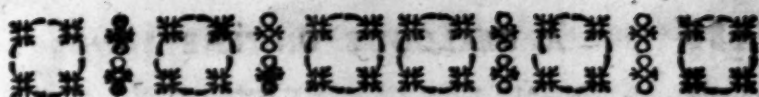
Man

Man discovers himself under disgrace, and shews what he is made of. The curtain draws; the shallow merit was supported by favour that drew a veil over it; as soon as this drops off, the other lies exposed, and has no more support.

Misfortunes are an additional ornament to great men. *Florus* observes, that *Marius* became greater by his disgraces, and that his exile and prison had cast a sort of sacred horror over his person, which inspired the beholders with a reverent awfulness.

There's no virtue that the multitude will not allow in those they pity. The great man is high and exalted in prosperity, and more great even in his adversity. But, as the majority of men are not eminent enough for the insults of such fortune, a wise retreat has the same effect in their behalf, as disgrace to the others. 'Tis asked, when ought this to be done? For there is no action of life in which there is not an *a-pro-pos*, or proper timing, to be observed. Must it be after some brilliant
action,

action, in order to secure our glory, and retain the place it has acquired us in men's opinion? But then, why should we lose in retirement the time allotted for enjoyment? Old age is much properer for such a purpose. All sensations are then worn out. We do but lose by shewing ourselves, and exposing our decay to view. People will not be at the pains of going back to what we have been: 'Tis a labour; men will never bestow it on us; they'll stick to the present moment. But, after all, is there any wisdom in consulting so much the humour of the world? Must one always be dependant upon it? Shall we never have the courage to dare to make ourselves happy according to our own inclinations, if they are but innocent? Are we always to live on opinion, and must that ever serve for a rule of life and conduct to others?—Upon the whole, nothing is so difficult as to begin the world well, and to quit it in the same manner.



A DIALOGUE ON
THE EQUALITY OF NATURAL BENEFITS.



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER.

HAT a strange sort of life have you condemned yourself to, Diogenes? Would it not have been better to have served some prince, to preserve you from want, than thus to drag on a wretched life without habitation, without raiment, and many a time without food?

DIOGENES.

Do you think, Alexander, that a man can be poor who has virtue and knowledge? You see the evils of my condition, but you are a stranger to the advantages attending it. Poverty is a security against
envy,

envy, and all that I can suffer from it is, the insults of men, whom I despise, whilst you court their applause at the expence of your blood and repose, and the lives of those that are fools enough to follow you. By this I enjoy my liberty and independance. The only difference between you and me is, that all your fortunes strike the eye, and are the objects of men's desires ; but your evils lie concealed, whereas mine are exposed to open view. You raise passions which are disagreeable and offensive to the vanity of other men ; your greatness sinks them, and gives the full measure of their lowness. But, as for me, I do but excite their pity, which makes them sensible of a superiority, and leads them to a tender concern for me. 'Tis thought that all things are nearly equal in the world ; that illusion for the fool, and reason for the wise man, is the ballance of their respective good and evil. Illusion, indeed, often increases the fool's evil, and cancels his good : The other's pride doubles them sometimes ; while his
delicacy

delicacy impairs and diminishes his sensation, for the least matter may spoil a pleasure; happiness consists in the affection, and not in the thing. With the wise, reason weakens their evil, and doubles their good, or reduces both to their just value. Whenever you please, we'll ballance your good and evil with mine, and you'll soon find that we are both upon a par; or, if any thing, that the advantage is on my side.

ALEXANDER.

So, then, you reckon for nothing the enjoyment of the first places, the glory of conquerors, and the fortune that attends them! Yet are not these real benefits, and the object of all men's wishes?

DIOGENES.

•Real benefits! No, indeed, I will not allow it. They are, 'tis true, the object of every body's desires; but let us examine these real benefits of yours. There are princes by birth, princes made so by fortune, but few made such by merit, that
is,

is, whose merit has raised them up to an elevation above other people ; and, luckily for our vanity, it would suffer too much from our allowing, that 'tis your merit that has raised you over our heads. Why, man, all our comfort is, that you must thank chance only, or the capriciousness of a blind fortune, for the mighty difference there is between you and us.

ALEXANDER.

However, if my birth must go for nothing, there is, I hope, something to be said at least for my conquests, and the glory I have acquired.

DIOGENES.

Less still. I might excuse your being born a prince, if you had applied yourself solely to make the happiness of mankind ; but truly I can't say much to your spreading an universal desolation. Your sword is at once your reason and your law. Ambition you are pleased to call greatness, for it costs you nothing to dignify your mad flights with fine names. I don't at
all

all wonder at it. Men agree to ennoble weaknesſes common to them all. But let me tell you, that what you call greatneſs, is but a violent ferment of blood, that ſets your imagination a blazing; and then, forſooth, becauſe your blood is worked up to a certain degree of heat and velocity, all Aſia muſt be made deſolate! Prithee, what ſhare have you in all thoſe mighty conqueſts you glory ſo much in? Were you to give your ſoldiers and generals their due, what a poor pittance would you have left? You are but a hero of fortune, not a hero of merit, and have been ſo very unwiſe, that, when the jilt has done her utmoſt in your behalf, you have not had the prudence to ſtop where it was proper. To be a great man, 'tis not enough to have great qualities; œconomy, good management in the application of them, is full as neceſſary. What have you gained by exceeding all the bounds of probability, but to get your name ſtruck out of hiſtory, and degraded in romance? You ought to have ſet a meaſure to your actions,

actions, and have brought them to a level, and within the compass of credibility.

ALEXANDER.

What! Glory, superior glory, is not a good?

DIOGENES.

The thing called glory is very arbitrary. We must first settle what has a right to that appellation.

ALEXANDER.

Why, I call glory what is taken and received for such by men.

DIOGENES.

That will not do. Error is no less error for being universal. Nothing is more catching than such whims as yours. Men's imagination have been so perplexed, that the effects still act upon ours; and we owe you the favour of all our heroical-mad fools.

ALEXANDER.

That shews the greatness of my glory, and how inclined men are to receive its impressions

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impressions, and frame their wishes accordingly.

DIOGENES.

Not at all. 'Tis not the work of nature, but your own. You have so violently shaken men's minds, that they have struck out new ways in their imagination, which are constantly followed, from the habit of thinking like you.

ALEXANDER.

Prithee, then, tell me what deserve the name of benefits, according to your opinion, since royalty by birth, acquired glory, and fortune, are not of that number.

DIOGENES.

I do not tell you they are not benefits, but only that they are not the first in rank, nor so superlative as they are usually thought to be, and that they are often attended with great evils. Fortune treats with her friends but on hard conditions, and makes them buy her favours at a very high price. Poverty, on the other hand,

hand, is not so prodigious an evil as you may think. Privation is not perceived, when desires are extinguished, and I enjoy many pleasures which you are an utter stranger to. According to me, virtues are the first benefits, and all the distinctions established amongst men have, or ought to have been, but the reward of them: Next to them, I place independance, tranquility, joy of mind, and the peace of a good conscience; all which are commonly thrown into the possession of the former. You yourself have been so sensible, that all the greatness of man lay inwardly, that you said once of Parmenio, —He is plain and homely without, but all majesty within, by the virtues of his soul.—Your felicity ought to consist in making men happy, rather than in subjecting and reducing them to misery and wretchedness. All those who have been raised to the highest places have owned, in their moments of sincerity, that the greatest is the very worst of all. There's no human felicity able to support man,
without

without the aid of philosophy, and did not yourself once cry out, sinking under the weight of your pride,—‘O! *Athenians*, ‘what doth it cost me to merit your praises?’

—But you have chose to be nothing but a mere hero, not a great man. The hero has but the bravery of the pyrate, who, by the circumstances of things, is dubbed a conqueror; and that virtue, so noble in itself, ceases being a virtue by the use you make of it. The great man reunites all the virtues in his character, and has them pure and unspotted. You have never dreamt, that the first and noblest of conquests is that which extends its power over the heart. Always intoxicated to a degree of absence from yourself, surfeited with glory and fortune, and weary of your run of success, that very glory, which appears so charming in the pursuit, you look upon as nothing, when once acquired. If men had not been blinded by error, if opinion had not taken your part, you had been deemed a mere madman. You have been supported by nothing but illusions,

either imposed on yourself, or found in others, and prejudice has barred up all the avenues to truth. You have swelled your conceit of your dear self, and sacrificed all things to that darling idol.

ALEXANDER.

I see we must appoint judges to decide between us, and settle which of us two is the fool. For my part, I do but think like the rest of mankind; I do but extend the common error (if it be one) of rendering oneself illustrious by great conquests.

DIAGENES.

I know very well, that you'll have the multitude on your side. The number of the wise is very inconsiderable, and, though a prince, you make yourself one of the vulgar by your way of thinking. Ever depending on the opinion of men, you place your happiness in the judgment of other people. And you are but just as happy as they please: You have never been able to honour and place your happiness in yourself. You don't think your-
self

self worthy of your own approbation, but the suffrages of the public, though ever so deceitful, serve to make you amends. High fame and renown lend an helping hand to your weakness. Your vanity and the respect paid you by men hold a veil before your eyes. But there are moments when truth throws this back and shews you bare and exposed. The sight is then offensive, and 'tis in order to shun yourself that you first went out a conquest-making. Bustling variety, by reason of the fluctuating agitation it causes, is the thing often set in the place of happiness. 'Tis not the things themselves you enjoy, but their pursuit only, while moderation and quiet have something great, which bespeaks an independance. For my part, I have had solidity and strength of mind enough to do without all the trumpery of glory. I could consent to remain unnoticed. You have not had merit enough to do as much, nor a sufficient stock of understanding to fill up the voids of time.

ALEXANDER.

Your pride perfectly startles me. What! have you forgotten that all my high achievements have been recorded and praised by orators, celebrated by poets, recorded in history, and admired by all the world?

DIOGENES.

'Tis not pride, friend, 'tis knowledge. Men have praised not what they actually saw in you, but what they wished for. Their regard for you was never drawn from your manners or virtues, but from your dignity. Give me leave to put one question to you. Do you think, that 'tis your merit that attaches people to you? No, 'tis their wants. Were men without passions, courts would be without inhabitants. What are your fine courtiers? Either proud-vapouring cringers, mean-spirited wretches, or hirelings that deal for pay. Such in fact are your spectators, spectators so necessary to you, that, were you without witnesses, you'd be without happiness. Your greatness does not please
men

men as greatness, but as a qualification that turns to their account. But, on the other hand, if any body takes a fancy to me, 'tis either through affection, or on account of my merit. Such ties are not made for you. Who enjoys friendship in its purity better than I? For whom are its marks less equivocal? The favourites of fortune do not know whether they are loved, or not: Hence the first benefits, those of sensibility, are not in your power. The sweetest of errors, the most flattering of illusions, that pleasure which has its source in the heart, and so agreeably flatters one's self-conceit, cannot be tasted by you. Your soul is never prepared by expectation, you have not hope to go through, your desires are not raised by difficulties; and thus you run on in pursuit without enjoyment.

ALEXANDER.

But, pray, what man ever made a better use of his reason than myself, in the regard I paid the wife of Darius, when I sacrificed my passions to justice and moderation?

DIOGENES.

That indeed was an act of virtue, but which doth not yet prove, that those sentiments bear an equal price with you and me. And yet 'tis the sensation that is the judge of benefits and evils. The most real goods are such only by the impresson they make on our soul: Now one single affection of the heart, one reflection of the mind, has more effect on mine to make me happy, than all your fortune has upon yours.

ALEXANDER.

You carry your reasoning so far, that you bring all to nothing. Virtues, great qualities, all disappear before you, and you make bold with the very nature of things.

DIOGENES.

That's true. Philosophy has changed all objects for me. What you call renown, and which you sacrifice every thing to, I call a vain sound, subject to the caprice of fortune, and really cannot conceive why we should set so much by the general opinion

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concerning those whom we privately despise. Learn that the road to immortality is the same that leads to virtue. What is your power? The liberty of doing things, which it would be sometimes better we had not the power of doing. Your riches are but wants multiplied and renewed; your desires, are a debasing of the greatness and dignity of man; and your highest satisfaction is to enjoy those pleasures which others cannot, a pleasure of ill-nature, and which has its source in pride. When I can diminish all the advantages most men fancy you have over us, and can find the secret of swelling my own happiness and lessening my evils, all becomes equal between us. Perhaps too I am even so to you in merit; this you was also once so sensible of, that you said—
‘Were I not *Alexander*, I would chuse to be *Diogenes*.’—Now, when your self-conceit can allow you to give me the second place, who knows but I may deserve the first?



THOUGHTS ON

THE ASSERTION OF A CERTAIN LADY,

*That women may be allowed to love, even after
Youth.*

✕✕✕ WILL not attack Ismena's notions ;
✕ I ✕ she has established them with great
✕✕✕ delicacy, and too much solidity for me to
pretend to combat them : Nay, I own
myself fond of being of her opinion in eve-
ry thing, and was almost vanquished before
she opened her mouth to speak. I should
therefore be a very indifferent cham-
pion for a cause, which I have some inte-
rest in giving up ; and eloquence would
be lost upon me, who am half conquered.
Wherefore I must give her an enemy more
worthy of her. I am going to engage
her with the publick, and set her the task
of combating a general prejudice, and an
opinion

opinion received in all ages. 'Twill be a victory worthy of her to overthrow it. I take the world such as it is, and not such as it ought to be; let her force it into sounder notions: 'Tis her business; for I think my friend, like *Anacreon's* mistress, has the lips of persuasion itself.

Ismena has very well stated the proposition; it has lost nothing in her hands; but she'll give me leave to repeat it, and let it pass through mine. 'Use has established, that love, which is forbidden women at all times, is much more prohibited in an advanced age.' Custom is more powerful than me. I do not undertake to combat it, and the consent of all ages is against us.

Under what forms do the poets represent the doating passion of women, who have passed their first years? We must not flatter ourselves: Youth is the season of love. As soon as we pretend to pass this prescribed time, the pains attending that passion double upon us, and the pleasures decrease. The rule is, we ought to give

over loving, when we cease to please. But when must that be? What is the age fixed for it? This must be left to the decision of the men. They are the proper judges of what suits their fancy, and we must stand by their verdict; 'tis they that feel the effect we have upon them: But they have set us the task of being handsome, and have left us nothing else to do. They have marked us out for an agreeable spectacle to amuse their eyes, and, as soon as we have nothing pleasing to shew, we no longer engage their looks, nor regard.

Youth has vast advantages peculiar to itself. The publick forgives it every thing, and furnishes it with excuses, whilst it is of itself too apt to assume those advantages which the world lends it, and is therefore always less guilty in its own eyes. But, when this first age is once passed, how can you allow yourself weaknesses in a season of life consecrated to reason, and in which she ought to resume her rights? Though you might slip from your duties, you will not escape remorse

more. Our consciences and the world are judges, which we are indispensably bound to appear before. In advancing in life, conscience becomes more clear-sighted and severe ; it increases in knowledge and delicacy : (By conscience, I here mean, the inward sensations of a scrupulous honour, which forgives itself nothing in regard to the world.) Now, when a woman has lost her beauty, she has nothing left to bribe her judges with : They then resume their natural rigidness ; the world no longer forgives her any thing ; those favourable dispositions it shews towards young people are all over for her : 'Tis no longer allowed her to be in the wrong ; and she has forfeited the right of failing.

Ismena will say, why should the world be called into a mystery, in which it ought not to intervene ? We must conceal ourselves from it ; and she must agree that all exterior gallantry ought to be forbidden at that time. *St. Evremont* is of her opinion. He says, that in the crowd the advantages of the mind are but an indifferent match

match for the graces of the body; that we must withdraw from it, and not expose love to open view. But can that be done? Is not one always guessed at, or suspected? I am therefore dependant on the publick, since it is my judge, and I must pass muster before it. Ismena will oblige many people if she can bring that publick to some sort of composition, and render it more tractable.

I have already observed, that, when we are less allowed to indulge in love, the pains double and the pleasures decrease. The pleasure of love is supported by two sorts of sensations, those of the object beloved, and our own. I believe women may love as violently at the time when it is most forbidden them, as at any other, but they run a chance of loving alone, and this is a very sad case. They cannot enjoy a consciousness of being loved, and yet 'tis from such a certainty that the greatest charm of love arises. Infidelities, sacrifices of which you become the subject, and, in short, all the evils await you, when

when you do not know when to stop, but attempt to indulge that sentiment at a time when it is no longer allowable. The heart, and our glory, both suffer. Glory, which was not made for a companion to love, proves its highest charm when gratified, and its greatest plague when discontented. Ismena has very well laid out the advantages of loving at an age when youth is upon the turn! 'Tis certain, that the mind is then more formed and adorned for those, on whom that alone can make impression. As for the merit of just sentiments, it is scarce ever to be found with young people, and passions are far more refined and moving in those of the age we are speaking of. If the sensations have had scope, the heart is the better instructed; if they have been repressed, they are the more strong and lively. Ovid, who is an authority in love matters, tells us, that we leave off loving when we have just learnt it; and Monsieur *St. Evremont* is against it at no time. In youth, says he, we live to love; in a more advanced age

we

we love to live. But the men, who have always portioned us out with inequality and injustice, have extended their own rights, and confined ours, since they allow themselves the tender sentiments at all times, and forbid them early to us.

'Tis therefore certain, that as for all those delicacies, which are the charms of love, we are not to look for them in young folks. They are full of themselves, taken up with their beauty and dress, and bent upon trifles. Reflection only increases and perfects the merit of the mind, and this the younger sort are incapable of. As they are unexperienced in all things, and every object strikes them with the charms of novelty, they take to every thing. That's so much out of the way of the main article, for a sentiment cannot be strong and lively, unless it be single. As soon as it is divided, it grows weaker.

When a woman has passed her first youth, has gone through all the objects of pursuit, worn out that fancy for frivolous things, and is, through the solidity of her character

rafter returned to herself; if she indulges her heart in any worthy pursuit, she'll be much more occupied with it, and live for one object alone. Such people as these are made perfect by love; the desire of pleasing, and being esteemed by what they love, makes them honour and regard themselves; for love is a severe and nice censor, that forgives nothing.

All these delicacies are not to be met with in a young person; sure of pleasing by her charms, full of confidence in her beauty, she borrows nothing from the merit of the mind or heart, and oftentimes is a stranger to the very name of necessity. At a time of life when we perceive we are losing agreeableness, still desirous of pleasing, we think of supplying the deficiency of personal graces by more solid qualities. What we lose in the sensibility of the beloved person, we would fain make up in his esteem, by acquiring qualities which may be the object thereof, but cannot be the source of the illusions of love.

There

There are few men capable of being touched with the true merit of women; nay, this merit is not what is required of them: Agreeableness is the whole of what is demanded of them. These sentiments are a tribute payable to beauty, and esteem a due to virtue. I mean by beauty, all that pleases the senses. The qualities of the soul scarce fire the imagination, and are not the object of a rapturous drunkenness of the passions. The best thing therefore you can do, after you have passed your first youth, in case your person still wears well, and is capable of making impressions, is to take advantage of those impressions, to bring all to esteem, and turn every thing into that channel, in order that, if you have been loved for personal charms, you may secure the continuance thereof by the merit of the mind and heart. But do not place too much dependance on the slight impressions of the senses, or at least make use of them only to introduce more lasting and durable sensations. Love must

not

not be managed in a more advanced age, in the same manner as in youth; it must shew itself to the object under a different form. But I do not intend to give precepts of love, but pictures only of its evils, to serve as a warning against them.

Ismena, in support of her opinion, has alledged the example of a certain lady, who has retained all her charms, though her first youth is pretty well over. The same person will likewise serve me to shew, how amiable a woman proves by the more solid qualities, when she has had the art of improving them.

Ismena meant only the merit of beauty, but I, that have a nearer acquaintance with the lady, am still more touched with her other qualities. Her person is singular in its kind: 'Tis a collection of all that is agreeable; a merit every way compleatly matched. Her body was made for a dwelling to the most amiable mind in the world, and her mind was destined to animate the most lovely body, and the union of both has made the beautifullest alliance possible.

possible. But she has not been contented with the trifling merit of agreeableness, she has acquired another more permanent. *St. Evremont* says, there are women who play false to their own sex, by borrowing the merit of the men. *Ismena* is one of those. The publick voice pronounces her born the handsomest woman in the whole court; always sure of pleasing, she needs only shew herself; born for the delicate world, and certain of a tribute of praise, as soon as she appears. I mean those natural praises expressed by surprize, which her charms force without difficulty from the beholders; always wished for when not seen, and ever regretted when gone.

I have never known a person more universally liked. I believe people would willingly bring an action against her, to oblige her to shew herself, as the city of *Thoulouse* actually did once against the fair *Pauco*. As every time this beautiful creature appeared in public, crowds flocked round to see her, and there happened many fatal accidents, the parliament passed a
decree

decree to oblige her to shew herself regularly twice a week, with which she complied.

The publick thinks to have a right of being spectators of all fair objects, and would willingly have laid the same obligation on my friend ; but this is a debt she would have paid very ill. No body was more fit to be the ornament of our court. There she was born ; she held a distinguished rank, and her family enjoyed the first posts in it ; the king was younger than herself, and the court gallant. What alluring baits for a young person ? But though made for society, though capable of adding more to, and making more of it, than any other, she has hid herself from the world. The solidity of her character has made her sensible of the emptiness of those vain applauses : She has applied to cultivating something far preferable ; she has read a vast deal, and known how to turn it to account. She has furnished her memory with the most valuable

valuable stock; her mind is become stronger and more extensive; her sentiments are increased in delicacy; she has acquired a character of dignity which claims respect, and has used herself to a stile and manner of speaking peculiar to herself; 'tis plain, noble, and delicate. Her expressions are chosen and proper, but not quaint or laboured: She gives an ornament to every thing she says, without the appearance of art; she has a facility of expression, but which only proceeds from the clearness and freedom of her ideas. Though sure of producing nothing but what must please, she betrays no confidence of herself; she rather expresses a mistrust; it seems as if she was ignorant of her own worth, and wanted to be encouraged; she visits few people, applies solely to her duty, and lives in a very strict friendship with her sister, who is much of the same turn of mind. I need say no more, to make her known and commended. She is no busy visiter abroad, is never seen either at publick

lick entertainments or diversions, nor in the publick walks: She doth not allow herself the idle gaiety of the women of this country, which cannot agree with strict modesty. I cannot tell whether its rarity may not increase its value, but I am sure I never knew a more amiable character.

This single instance might suffice to support Ismena's proposition, and prove that women are more amiable at the age she declares for; but at the same time we must agree that this instance is a single one in its kind, and can be of no service to us. Where are the women that have been wise enough to make advantage of their years? Who, whilst they were losing their personal charms, have made themselves amends by the merit of the mind? We do not afford any second parts to such characters as these. Were we to do it, we might perhaps be forgiven being no longer young. But the truth is, most women lose all by losing their beauty; and yet nothing is more disagreeable

agreeable than the remainder of the lives of those, who had no other qualification but handsomeness; they fall into a most pitiful void, when beauty once gives them the slip. As it is the business of illusion to impose upon our senses, and it gets always between us and truth, to intercept it from us, as soon as the intoxication of the men is at an end, we see things without a cover, and find nothing in ourselves. The object of the men's attachment is beauty; when that fails, all is over. For, though women should be able to acquire a solid merit, 'tis to be feared that few men would be capable of being touched with it.

Ismena has produced an infinite number of examples from antiquity to prove, that there may be happy and lasting engagements at the time of life which she is defending. For my part I borrow nothing from the past; I stick to the present, and appeal to all women tenderly inclined, and who have indulged that inclination longer than

than they ought: There is not one of them but will be sincere enough to tell you, that 'tis the greatest plague in the world. The laws of custom would be a needless threatening to keep us within the bounds of our duty; the contempt, under which those who forget themselves always fall, might be a sufficient check to the most violent inclination in the world. We can reap no happiness from familiarities with the men; custom has been so kind to them, that all is on their side, and all is against us. Whatever indignities they may express in their behaviour towards us, we must not complain of them; our evidence does not affect them, and, as a consequence of the injustice of their laws, we can never make any agreement with them, in which an equality can be observed. They have smothered our right under force. And from all this I infer, that women ought to deny themselves love even at all times, but infinitely more so, when their youth is past.

THOUGHTS



THOUGHTS ON

DELICACY OF MIND AND SENTIMENTS.

I^T is pursuant to the order of nature, and perhaps to the justice of her oeconomy, to clog her favours with conditions proportionate to their value. Honours, riches, sensibility, and even quiet, all are at sale, and we always find that she has sold us very dear, what we thought to have obtained of her pure liberality.

The sweetest of her favours in appearance is delicacy. It discovers a thousand beauties, and makes us sensible of numberless charms which escape the vulgar. 'Tis a microscope, that magnifies for a time what is imperceptible to others. It seasons every pleasure; and is it possible, that, whilst it procures so many advantages, it should not be desirable?

Yet

Yet it is easy to perceive how many disgusts delicacy of mind occasions : Seldom satisfied with others, never with ourselves, with this tinsel treasure we pass our lives in an idea of perfection, which we do not meet with in other people, and cannot attain to ourselves ; besides that, he who is not satisfied with others, will hardly ever make them so with him. What a source of disputes have we with our vanity ? What dryness in society, to be always wanting applauses ? What doth it not cost our sincerity, to make ourselves supportable, and how greatly must not politeness suffer by it ?

But these inconveniences are nothing when compared to those which are caused by delicacy of sensation. What a source of quarrels and jarrings must there be between two hearts not equally affected therewith ? What a crime will it not make of a want of attention or sincerity ? What a pain is it to accuse the person we love, whose innocence we would pay with our own life ? We will not leave him the care

of his justification; we seek to excuse him to ourselves, and what grief is it when we cannot succeed? What a constraint, what a violence must it be, to conceal all these agitations from his knowledge!

Are we forced to discover so pressing an evil?—In what a different light doth it, alas! then appear? 'Tis weakness, 'tis humour; and wrongs increase on the one side, and evils on the other. In vain do we appeal to the tribunal of love; for the only justice we meet with there, is that which ordains the sharpest pangs for those who have tasted the sweetest pleasures.

A LET.



A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR THE ABBE * * * *

 HAVE for a long while kept up a society of friendship with a man of a great deal of sense and merit, who has shewn himself to me under two very different appearances. I have seen him formerly living very retired, with a moderate share of fortune, but supported by principles of wisdom, and sound reasoning: But it was a communicative wisdom. I used to apply to him in my troubles, and he would restore order and quiet to my soul. He was wise and happy, yet he has not been contented with his condition. He is turned courtier, upon which I reproach him, that his wisdom must have suffered by it: he insists on the contrary; and these are the weapons we war with. He pre-

tends, that the right definition of a philosopher is, a man that makes of his condition as much as can be made of it for his own happiness, and that of others; that, the more agreeable inclinations and sensations we have, the more happiness we enjoy, as having a great number of resources; that those are the least wise who confine their whole happiness to one pursuit; and that this is playing too high a game, and the losings would be too great.

To place wisdom in being happy is a reasonable way of thinking; yet I should chuse rather to place my happiness in being wise. But to fancy that he who has the greater number of agreeable sensations is the most happy, is, methinks, giving a false idea of felicity. Happiness founded only on the sensations, is unstable, variable, and full of illusions. The fool of Athens, who commenced a suit in a court of judicature for the recovery of his folly, was a man of this sort. No body doubts but that the sensations may afford a sort of happiness, but this is not
the

the question ; the point is to compare the one with the other, in order to chuse the best. I am persuaded that Monsieur the Abbé thinks himself happy at *St. Cloud* *; or at least that he has a sensation of happiness there : But if he was equally happy in his solitude, and enjoyed that sensation in the same degree, I do not think him prudent to have forsaken the one for the other ; and these are my reasons.

I do not separate the idea of happiness from that of perfection ; that man to me appears the happiest who is the wisest. I do not find that agreeable sensations have ever been assigned for the rule of true happiness. The felicity we enjoy in a diffusive life, depends on an infinite number of things, and thereby we have an infinite number of wants. The more desires you have, the greater is your poverty ; you become a slave, and the sentiment of liberty is less strong, and glows more weakly. 'Tis to no purpose to cry,—I have many agreeable

L 3

sensa-

* A country seat near Paris, belonging to the royal family.

sensations, and more resources.—No, the truth is, you have many sorts of wants, and more poverty. The happiness of the wife has never been made to consist in the intoxication of the passions; and if Monsieur the Abbé assures me, that he has never stretched his passions up to illusion, that he has wise inclinations, and knows when to stop, 'tis so much the worse for his natural sensibility. Passions find their account but in their intoxication. I have no notion of your half inclinations, and half attempts; and he is to blame ever to set out on the road, if he has command of temper enough to stop.

In retirement the mind is fed with pure truths. Are you not, under such circumstances, more strongly confirmed in your principles? Are you not more attentive to your pursuits? And doth not attention give the mind more strength, more extensiveness, and more delicacy? Your sensations, (since you will set up for their champion) are they not more lively and refined in solitude? Are there not pleasures

tures peculiar to attentive and delicate people? All this you lose. There's nothing to be got in a life of dissipation. We have an innate disposition to imitation: We insensibly bend to it; and the constitution of the soul may be impaired as well as that of the body. Can it be thought that we can advance equally in the way to perfection, and the road to fortune? Can we grow in wisdom and in credit both? To me this seems impossible. The notions of truth slip from us in the crowd, and we find ourselves continually jostled and staggered by popular errors and sensual objects. I grant you have less to lose than another, because you have more firmness; but still there is something to lose.

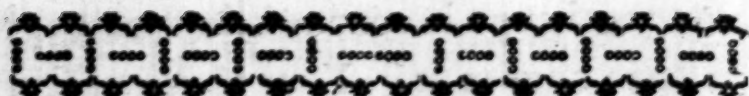
You will say again: I have made a store of true happiness which will never fail, let us now see what can be got out of fortune. When we have done with vanity and ambition, we shall have nothing to ask of her. Would it not have been sooner done, by setting your desires on a

level with your fortune, than by bringing your fortune to the level of your desires? 'Tis easier to accommodate yourself to things, than things to you. What are you pursuing? Is it the pleasure of opinion? You'll never enjoy that to a satisfactory degree. Shew me the man, who, by acquiring wealth, ever quenched his thirst of riches, and then I will agree with you. This is not the time when you used to tell me, 'All is too dear at the market-price; Fortune gives nothing, she sells every thing: We part with true benefits for false ones; a bargain fit only for slaves and fools.' You have lectured me too well, and I beat you with your own principles.

You insist upon saying,—I am now in a condition to serve my friends and relations.—When you have adopted good and sound opinions, and have it in your power to cure the diseases of the soul, the favours you will then be able to do them will be of quite another stamp and value. In short, I confine myself to say, that, if
you

you was happy in your retreat, you ought to have kept to it. Your pleasures were sure, lasting, and independant; whereas, if you are now happy but in the same degree, you have lost by the shifting, because your happiness depends on others; you are in need of them, and have forfeited your liberty. I do not believe you can make as good a bargain with fortune as with wisdom. There must be some loss: and the best that can happen to you, if you are once more forced to take to yourself, is to find yourself just where you was at your setting out. But then you must reckon as so much expence, all the advances you might have made in the road to virtue: 'Tis all a mere loss.

Answer this, Monsieur L'Abbé, if you can, or dare; but remember, that these are your own principles I attack you with, and that you ought to respect them as much as I do.



A L E T T E R

TO MY LADY * * * ON HER MARRIAGE.


 AVING been deprived of the honour
 of seeing your ladyship, and my
 ill state of health confining me to
 the country, you must give me leave, in
 this manner, to pay you my compliments
 on an alliance so illustrious and so worthy
 of you. You bear now a name, Madam,
 that was formerly a little at variance with
 modesty; but you are going to reconcile
 it to that virtue, whose rights you know
 so well how to support. Cupid murmurs
 at it, but this is not the only theft he can
 accuse you of. However, the little deity has
 many resources still, and I have been told
 that, rather than lose you, he has made
 up the difference with his brother-god;
 that their long quarrel had ceased for your
 sake,

fake, and that, on your wedding-day, they signed a treaty together for many years; whereby Cupid promises, on his part, to be the lover, as long as Hymen shall be the husband. Secure their union, madam; close the bands that unite them; clip Cupid's wings. These separately lose all their value, and Hymen cannot be happy when Love is not so; on their good understanding depends the happiness of your days. May they flow, those happy days, in peace and innocence! What can we not hope from a person like you, a person brought up in principles so pure, and instructed by virtue herself? Were I a poet, you might depend on a fine epithalamium; but, as it is, I have nothing but wishes to offer, together with the most respectful attachment, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

Humble servant,

The Marchioness de Lambert.

A L E T-



A L E T T E R

FROM MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE FENELON,

Archbishop of Cambray,

TO MONSIEUR DE SACY,

*Advocate in the Parliament of Paris, and Member of
the French Academy.*

S I R,

*** HE Countess d'Oisy will explain to
* T * you, better than I can myself, what
* * * had hitherto prevented my reading
Lady Lambert's manuscript *, which you
have trusted me with. I have this very
day perused it with infinite pleasure ; every
thing seems expressed with nobleness, and
a great deal of delicacy. What we call
wit, shines throughout ; but that is not
what strikes me most : There are senti-
ments joined with principles. I find the
mother's

* *Advice to her Son.*

mother's heart, but without its weakneſſes. Honour, the ſtricteſt probity, and knowledge of the human heart, reign in every page.—As to the account of the quarrel between the two marſhals, ſtopt ſo effectually, I knew it already from ſome old officers. In reading theſe inſtructions, I called to mind the panegyric on *Trajan*, which you have given me an opportunity to turn over with ſo much pleaſure in french. The praiſes *Pliny* beſtows on that emperor leave us no room to queſtion *Trajan's* being much better than thoſe that preceeded him. In the ſame manner the words of this mother perſuade us, that the ſon, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking in this ſtrain, muſt needs have a fund of underſtanding and merit. I might not perhaps intirely join with her about the whole of the ambition ſhe requires of him; but we ſhould ſoon agree again concerning all the virtues by which ſhe would have that ambition ſupported and moderated. The ſon, no doubt, owes a great deal to the examples of valour, honeſty, fidelity, and
military

military talents he meets with in his own family ; but he is not less beholden to the tenderness and fine sense of a mother, who places those examples in so efficacious a light, and has taken so much care to lay a foundation for her son's merit and fortune. Judge, Sir, by the impression this work has made upon me, what I think of so worthy a parent. I should be very much obliged to you, if you would let her know, how gratefully I acknowledge her kindness, in consenting to your trusting me with this writing.—May I now ask you, how you are employing the moments you steal from public business ?

*Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?*

No body can be, with more esteem and ardour than I am, your's entirely, for all my life,

FRANCIS,

Archbishop, Duke of Cambray.

LET-



L E T T E R I.

FROM THE MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT,

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY,

In Answer to that Prelate's Letter to Mr. de Sacy.

MY LORD,


 HAD never allowed Mr. *De Sacy* to shew your Grace the employment of my leisure hours, had it not been presenting you with your own principles, and the sentiments I have borrowed from your works. No body has studied them more, or taken greater pains to create herself a right of property to them. Forgive me this theft, my Lord; you see the use I make of it. I have learnt from you, that the first of my duties was to labour to form the hearts and minds of my children. I have found in *Telemachus* the precepts I have given to my son; and in *The Education of Daughters*, the advices I have offered

offered to mine; so that I have no other merit but that of having known where to chuse my master and my patterns. I venture to presume that I should think like you upon ambition; but the morals of the young people of the age lay us under a necessity of advising them, not what is absolutely the best, but what is liable to the fewest inconveniencies: and they oblige us to think, that it is better to occupy their heart with courage and ambition, than run the risk of having debauchery at once fixed upon them. How dangerous, my Lord, for our vanity are commendations bestowed by you? But I shall turn them into precepts. They advise me of what I ought to be to deserve an esteem, which might be a reward for the greatest virtues. We are all here most strictly united and agreed in the admiration we have for you. How often, amongst our other schemes of pleasure, have we proposed to go and carry you our respects? And, as for myself in particular, I could not taste a greater joy, than that of having it in my power to assure
you

you in person how much I honour you,
and how greatly I am

Your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

The Marchioness de Lambert.

LETTER II.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY
TO THE MARCHIONESS.

Cambray, Feb. 2, 1710.

MADAM,

I WAS already indebted to Mr. *De Sacy* for procuring me the perusal of a most excellent piece; but the debt is vastly increased by his being the occasion of my receiving the very obliging letter you have honoured me with. May I not at last owe to yourself the sight of the other composition *? Besides that the first makes me prodigiously desirous of seeing it, I should be overjoyed to receive such an earnest of the obliging promises you are pleased to flatter me with. I dare not entertain

* *Advice from a Mother to a Daughter.*

ertain any hopes of the honour of seeing you in this country, at this unhappy time, when it is the theatre of all the horrors of war; but who knows but that in happier times a fair season may tempt your curiosity to visit these borders? if so, you'll find here a man extremely proud of such an opportunity, and the readiest imaginable to improve it. I am, with the most sincere respect for ever,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS,

Archbishop, Duke of Cambray.



LETTER III.

FROM THE MARCHIONESS

TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

MY LORD,

MR. DE SACY has treated me like a weak woman; he fancied I was in need of praises to support me, and that, by shewing me those you lavish on me, 'twould
be

be an encouragement to strive to deserve them. The reproach *Pliny* makes to his age, and which might with justice enough be applied also to ours, shall not fall upon me. He says, 'that, since virtue is grown into contempt, praises are slight-
'ed.' I have a due sense of those which are bestowed by your Grace. Can there be any more delicate, more flattering, and even more dangerous? But as nothing that comes from you can ever be a snare, far from spoiling me, they have had a quite different effect; they have most sincerely humbled me; and I am now sensible you praise in me not what there is, but what there ought to be.—Nothing is easier than to give precepts; but, unless they are supported by example, they turn against the giver. If I have any thing good in me, any true turn of mind, any right sentiment in the heart, you, my Lord, are the person I must be beholden to for it. 'Tis you who have shewn me endearing virtue, and taught me to love to it, actuated by your benevolence, and the admiration of your virtues,

tues. Alas ! how often in this publick calamity, in the midst of judgments, so severely felt, and the expectation of others, so justly dreaded; have we not said here with our friends,—We have a sage whose advices might retrieve all ; why must such merit and great talents be useless to our country ?—These are not praises ; they are true sentiments, the expressions of a heart most respectfully devoted to you, in which sense I am,

Your Grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

The Marchioness de Lambert.



L E T T E R IV.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY

TO THE MARCHIONESS:

Cambray, Jan. 17, 1712.

MADAM,

I HAVE a lively sense of the honour you do me. For my part, 'tis no merit in me to be taken with any thing that relates to you ; for a lady in your neighbourhood
has

has lately made a deep impresson on my heart, by letting me know with what generosity you have relieved her in her distress. I find, that the noblest and most valuable virtues of society are not bare ideas with you, but that you put them very seriously in practice on occasion. Since then you delight in doing good, and know how to do it so opportunely, I wish with all my heart you may have the pleasure and merit of doing so a long time. No one can desire you more happiness and blessings than I do; and the wish I form for myself in the beginning of this new year is, that you may honour me with the continuance of your good graces, and not doubt the respect, with which I am, and ever will be, most sincerely

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

FROM THE SAME.

*On the Death of his illustrious Pupil the Duke of
Burgundy, Father to the present French King.*

Cambray, Feb. 25, 1712.

GOD thinks, Madam, quite differently
from men. He destroys what he seemed
to have formed on purpose for his glory.
He punishes us.—We deserve it all.—I
shall be, the remainder of my life, with
the most sincere zeal and respect,

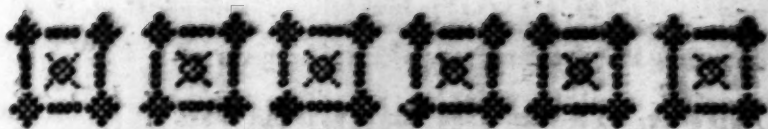
Your Ladyship's most obedient, &c.

F R A N C I S,

Archbishop, Duke of Cambray.

F I N I S





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